

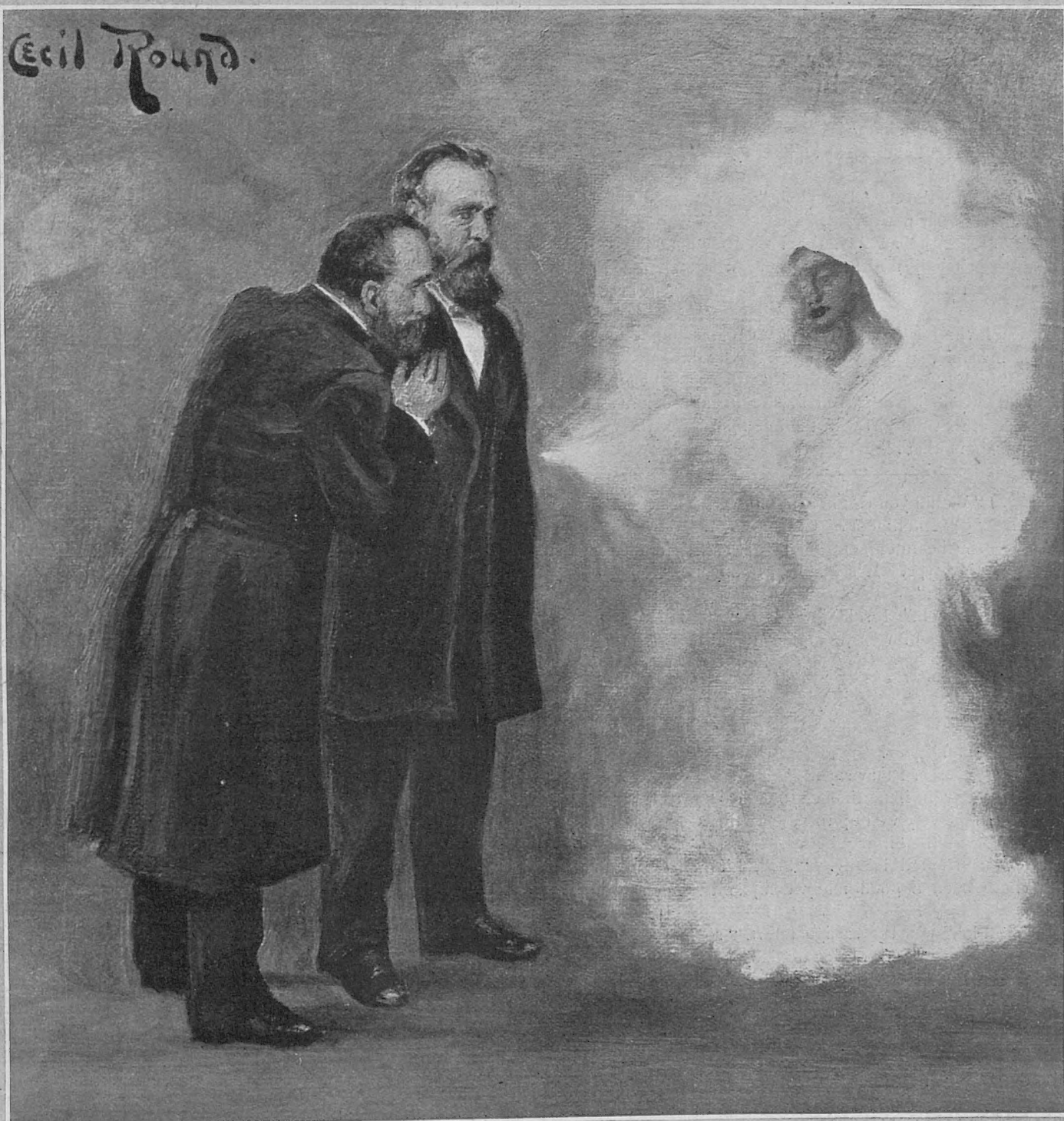
# The Sketch

No. 744.—Vol. LVIII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1907.

SIXPENCE.

Cecil Pound.



Archdeacon Colley.

Dr. Monck, the Medium.

"Alice."

ALICE-CLOTHED-WITH-A-CLOUD APPEARING FROM THE SIDE OF DR. MONCK IN THE PRESENCE OF ARCHDEACON COLLEY: THE PICTURE PRODUCED IN COURT DURING THE £1000 GHOST CASE.

The picture here given was produced in Court in support of the Archdeacon's evidence. It shows Archdeacon Colley, Dr. Monck, the medium, and the spirit, Alice. It was painted from directions given to the artist by Archdeacon Colley. Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace stated in Court that he had witnessed a manifestation similar to that described by Archdeacon Colley. An illustration of the "spirit" produced by Mr. J. N. Maskelyne is given on another page of this number.





# MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



London.

Dame Nature's  
Review.

"You seem very pleased with yourself," said I suddenly.

Dame Nature jumped. From her chair in the Park, she had been watching her handiwork with some intentness. The old lady looked almost coquettish, by the way, in a light-green cape with bonnet to match.

"How long have you been there?" she demanded.

"About ten minutes. Your self-complacency is charming—in view of the actual results."

"What's wrong with the actual results?"

"Do you ever read the newspapers?"

"No! I fill 'em. And, anyway, the Park isn't a newspaper, dear lad. When you're in the Park, and May is at hand, you should look at life through green leaves. You may sit beside me, if you like."

I accepted the invitation. Our incongruity passed unnoticed, for the Dame is invisible, unless you stare very hard.

"I was just thinking," she went on, "that these people, take them for all in all, would have passed muster in any country at any period. Look at that tall girl with the fine figure over the way. Any degeneration about that?"

I Put a Leading  
Question.

"Would you call her intelligent?" I asked.

"Intelligent? Certainly not. Why should she be intelligent, poor dear? She's not that type. She's the mother-type. It's manifest to anyone who knows anything about such things."

"Thank you very much," I said humbly. "But tell me: do you rank the mother-type of woman higher than the intelligent, non-reproductive type?"

"They're more useful."

"The intelligent ones?"

"No, idiot! The mothers. Besides, sometimes you get a blend of the two. Why shouldn't you?"

"That's your business, if I may say so."

"Yes; and it's like your impertinence to endeavour to teach me my business. I've done very well up to now, as the song says; and if you think you could fill the bill any better——"

"I don't!" I interrupted hastily. "Still, I'm bound to tell you that there have been a good many complaints, one way and another."

"And always will be," was the savage retort, "so long as some of you try to improve on the work of this old lady."

Origin of  
Fashions.

"Do we?"

"Do we?" You know very well you do. What about that youth with the lovely rippling hair? Ass! If the barber had been half a man, he'd have burnt him. What about his figure? Stays! What about his feet? Pinched. Are you going to blame me for an excrescence of that sort? Did I ever turn out anything as hideous as that?"

"When May is at hand," I reminded her, "we should look at life through green leaves."

"Smoked glass wouldn't improve that lot," declared the Dame vulgarly. "Here's another! This woman's heels are so high that she's almost toppling on to her nose. Upon my word——!" And the old lady roared with laughter.

"I like high heels for women," I protested.

"I don't doubt you. And you'd like them to walk about with their heads strapped back in order to show off their beautiful necks."

"That's quite an idea!"

"Oh, I shouldn't be surprised if it came to that, especially if enough men agitate for it. It always amuses me when you men jeer at women's fashions. As if you didn't invent them!"

A Very Old  
Scandal.

We were silent for a few minutes. I was dying to put a most interesting question to her, but lacked the pluck. At last, my heart in my

mouth, I said—

"Which do you prefer—men or women?"

"No, you don't," chuckled the Dame.

"I won't tell anybody."

"I'll take care of that."

"But mayn't I know, really?"

"You may not, kind Sir. I'll admit this much, however: I'm more popular with women than with men."

"Nonsense!"

"It's true, all the same. Outwardly, women appear to dislike me. Inwardly, the normal twentieth-century woman is as natural as Eve."

"But we have already admitted that, broadly speaking, the modern woman is of two kinds. In Eve's day there was only one kind—the mother-type."

"Are you sure of that?" Dame Nature was smiling to herself—such a wrinkled, shrewd, kindly old smile!

"It's obvious, isn't it?"

"I'm inclined to think," she replied slowly, "that Eve was a blend."

New Light on  
Women.

This interested me greatly. I determined to pursue the question further.

"Eve," I argued, "could afford to be perfectly natural; she had no rivals, you see."

"Proceed with your exposition, kind Sir."

"Well, I suppose you will not deny that rivalry is the cause of the majority of petty faults. Rivalry, for example, makes women dress above their means, and entertain above their means, and so on. Rivalry, again, breeds jealousy. Of whom could Eve be jealous?"

"Women," said the Dame, "are not jealous. That is one of the libels invented by the fool Man. The thing that men mistake for jealousy is really curiosity."

"You're trying to puzzle me, aren't you?"

"I'm trying to unpuzzle you, as Alice would have said. When a woman's husband begins to flirt with somebody else, you think the wife is jealous because she watches, and questions, and frets."

"That is the accepted explanation," I said loftily.

"I know, little man, and the accepted explanation is wrong. She watches and questions to satisfy her curiosity. She wants to know what there is, in particular, about this other woman that makes her so attractive."

The Eternal  
Optimist.

"And why, if you please, does she fret?"

"Because, having found out that there is nothing particularly attractive about the other woman, she is distressed to think that her husband, after all, is an ordinary idiot."

"You beg the question, I'm afraid."

"Rubbish! Men are jealous because they are strong and obstinate and pugnacious. Women have not the persistence to be jealous. They always give way. It's called forgiveness. The term will serve as well as another."

"By the way, you're still looking at life through green leaves, aren't you?"

"Of course," said the old lady stoutly.

She laughed, and a soft, withered hand closed over mine.



## SUBJECTS OF THE WORLD'S TALK.



1. THE HON. MRS. AUBREY HASTINGS (FORMERLY MISS WINIFRED FORREST), WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. HASTINGS, WHO RODE THE WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL IN 1906, TOOK PLACE ON MONDAY.

3. MISS EDNA MAY'S FIRST WEDDING PRESENT: A SILVER BELL OF "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK" FOR THE BELL OF NEW YORK—AND LONDON.

2. REJECTED BY THE ROYAL ACADEMY, BUT GIVEN A PLACE BY COMMAND OF THE KING: MR. CONRAD DRESSLER'S BUST OF THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

4. MRS. C. A. SHERBROOKE (FORMERLY MISS DOROTHY EDWARDES), ELDEST DAUGHTER OF MR. GEORGE EDWARDES, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. SHERBROOKE, GRANDSON OF THE FIRST EARL CAIRNS, TOOK PLACE ON MONDAY.

Photographs by Dennis Moss, Halfstones Ltd., and Mme. Lallie Charles. (See "General Notes" on page 4.)



## FROM QUEEN EDNA MAY TO KING PUBLIC.

MISS EDNA MAY, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. OSCAR LEWISOHN.

From my heart I send a message of thanks to the heart of the great public which, during the ten years of my career on the stage, has encouraged me with its sympathy and rewarded me with its praise beyond my deserts and beyond anything I had ever hoped to receive. To the Press, too, I send a grateful message of appreciation for the encouragement they gave me during that career, and I ask the Editor of the Sketch - which has from time to time reproduced my photographs with such artistic perfection, to publish my little



message though it reflects poorly the feeling which animates me during the saddest and gladdest days of my life. The saddest, for they mean a parting. The gladdest for they have been full of unexpected evidence that though I came to London as a stranger, I have remained to be looked on almost as a friend and that is the greatest reward which any actress can achieve.

Edna May  
April 27-07.



MR. OSCAR LEWISOHN, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS EDNA MAY.

"THE BELLE'S" LETTER OF FAREWELL, REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

Photographs by Bassano. (See also pages 6 and 7 of our Supplement.)



# "THE DUEL," AT THE GARRICK.



FATHER DANIEL (MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER) EXHORTS THE DUCHESS OF SEVERN (MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH) TO FOLLOW DUTY RATHER THAN PASSION.



MONSIGNOR BOLEYN, BISHOP OF PI-TEHI-KING (MR. SYDNEY VALENTINE), GIVES THE DUCHESS OF SEVERN SOME FATHERLY COUNSEL.



SIR PAUL FORESTER (MR. CYRIL KEIGHTLEY) ACCUSES THE DUCHESS OF SEVERN OF HAVING FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HIS BROTHER, FATHER DANIEL.



FATHER DANIEL IS ACCUSED BY SIR PAUL FORESTER OF HARBOURING A PASSION FOR THE DUCHESS OF SEVERN.



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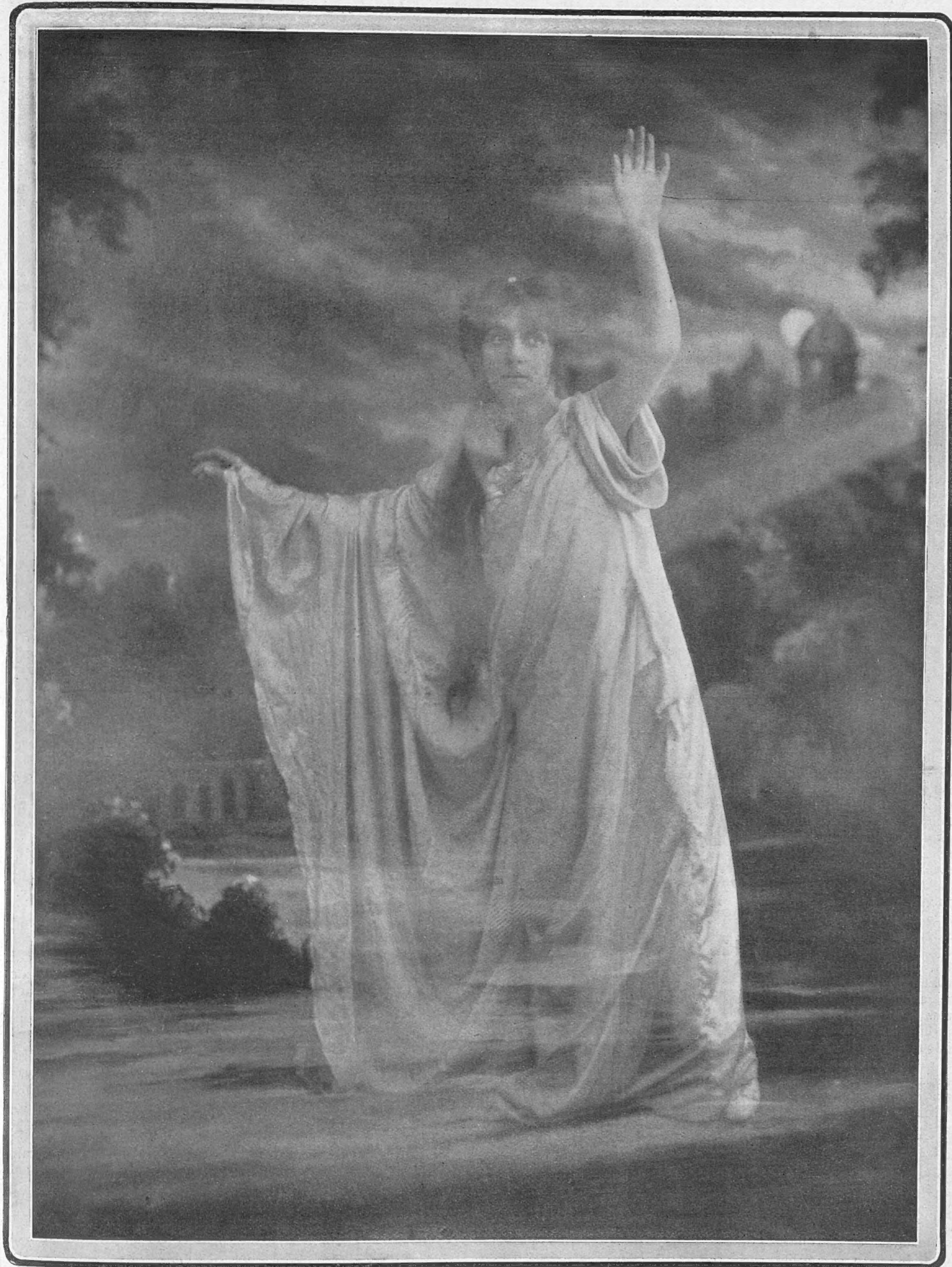
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## ALICE—CLOTHED WITH A CLOUD—ACCORDING TO MR. MASKELYNE.



MISS CASSIE BRUCE (MRS. E. A. MASKELYNE) AS THE MATERIALISED SPIRIT THAT IS MADE TO COME FROM MR. J. N. MASKELYNE'S SIDE TWICE A DAY.

The action for alleged libel brought by Archdeacon Thomas Colley against Mr. J. N. Maskelyne once again called attention to the famous illusionist's feat of producing a solid figure from the side of a man. This, it will be remembered, was originally done in answer to a challenge issued by Archdeacon Colley. In Mr. Maskelyne's performance the first sign that the figure is appearing is a cloud of vapour issuing from the illusionist's side. This gradually materialises into the form of Miss Bruce, who walks freely about the stage. It may be noted that Miss Bruce, who is Mrs. E. A. Maskelyne, began her stage career under Mr. F. R. Benson, and afterwards appeared in several pantomimes, and at Daly's and other theatres.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE JUDGMENT OF PHARAOH"—"THE SUNKEN BELL"—"JEANNE D'ARC"—  
"THE DUEL"—"MR. GEORGE."

THE title of the first piece on my list might well have been "The Misjudgment of Maddick," for the doctor to whom all playgoers wish success has put his money on the wrong horse. Of course, the public may come in to see the play scorned by some of the critics, and the case may be cited as another instance of their lack of discernment. My point of view is that Mr. Calmour's piece is unworthy of its setting, that his story of the prodigal son in Egypt is jejune, his handling heavily melodramatic, and his dialogue of poor quality. On the other hand, an excellent company has been engaged and a great deal of money spent on mounting the play, so that we had some big scenes beautiful after the standard of the Victorian academical. What to the critical seems transpontine, to many is vivid drama; therefore it will not be surprising if there are numbers of visitors. There exist scores of thousands of playgoers who would be delighted by the piece, and even thrilled by the lions. "For a live dog is better than a dead lion" was the maxim of the management; unfortunately, the distinction between waving and wagging a tail is rather fine for the bow-wow intellect. Let me add, in justice to Mr. Calmour, that the play possesses several of the heartrending scenes that playgoers love.

It is difficult to write with confidence concerning the Sothern-Marlowe company after seeing only two productions. For I am always in fear of the error due to judgment on insufficient data. How often have we gushed over a new player, unaware that what had appealed to us was merely the newness; and then we have had afterwards the difficult task of expressing less favourable views without seeming inconsistent. More rarely do we under-rate new-comers. In the present case we see a management ambitious to shine in valuable work. The repertoire shows great desire to give nothing of the paltry or catchpenny; the productions suggest a lack of originality in idea. Neither in the version of Hauptmann's really fine drama, "Die Versunkene Glocke" nor in Mr. Mackaye's charming but insufficient play concerning Joan of Arc was there any evidence of a capacity for getting off the beaten track or of a desire to do so. Both were mounted and presented in a rich, unimaginative style, exhibiting very well the kind of stage picture to which we are accustomed, of which we begin to grow a little tired. Each play deserved production. Mr. Meltzer's version of the difficult symbolical poetic drama is a very able piece of literary work, and Mr. Mackaye's play, though of less quality, is a creditable attempt to achieve what I think the impossible.

Still, there is no denying the fact that "The Sunken Bell" was rather dull, and the players did not shine greatly in it. No wonder. Actresses capable of realising Rautendelein are very rare. To the qualities necessary for presenting Ariel add the power of showing deep passion—no less is needed. If you have not the daintiness, the ethereality for Ariel, the task is beyond you; and no unbiassed manager would choose Miss Marlowe for Ariel. To be able to recite your verses charmingly, to move gracefully, and exhibit quite finely a strain of passion, is to deal with one half, the human half only; but this was the limit of Miss Marlowe—between her and the fairy aspect of the character there seemed to be a gulf. Mr. Sothern gave an able, but not exactly great, performance of Heinrich, and greatness was needed. He suffers a little for over-cultivating the virtue of restraint. Apparently he is an actor richer in the negative qualities (themselves of much value) than the positive, and there is a tendency to monotony in his delivery of the verse. Very much the same may be said of his Duc d'Alençon in "Jeanne

d'Arc," though in it his quiet strength and dignity and admirable elocution enabled him to render a rather tame part impressive. Miss Kruger and Mr. Crompton, in minor characters, played very well.

Mr. Mackaye has not been inspired by "Joan of Arc," and his play is no better than romantic drama with passages of prettiness. Miss Marlowe, as the Maid, was far better than in the fairy play; she rather forces a wailing tone in her voice and certain Bernhardt notes, but gave a dignified, touching piece of acting, best, perhaps, during the Chinon scene, where in two passages she showed a hint of humour which in other plays may be very valuable. The company, as a whole, was quite excellent, and particular praise is due to Messrs. Crompton, Mawson, and Eric.

"The Duel," at the Garrick, has a title a little undignified, considering the scheme of Mr. Bouchier's workmanlike version of M. Lavedan's rather fine comedy—only "rather fine," for the author's courage fails him, and his conclusion is tame; to end such a play by an accidental death, which solves all difficulties by removing an obstacle, is poor art. Still, the work is quite able and interesting, though it drags in the first act, partly because of the needless introduction of the fact that the priest and the doctor are brothers, which is irrelevant, and somewhat disturbs the balance of the drama. The story of the temptation of the Duchess, of her strife and her rescue by Father Daniel, makes really strong drama; whilst the note of tranquil humour in the character of the Bishop, admirably drawn by the author and delightfully presented by Mr. Valentine, gives great value to the comedy. The performance was admirable. Mr. Bouchier's picture of the father is one of the finest pieces of acting he has ever given, and fascinated the house. Miss Violet Vanbrugh abandoned her mannerisms, and made the Duchess very interesting, as well as charming; Mr. Keightley, if a little over-weighted, played excellently as the lover; and Mr. Goodhart acted cleverly in an added part that rendered some disservice to the play.

No one could write unkindly of Mr. Parker's amiable, pretty play, "Mr. George," which pleased the Vaudeville audience. Three acts of such diaphanous drama may seem a little long to those who soon saw what difficulty the author had in keeping his lovers from the declaration of love on which the curtain must fall. Mr. George—otherwise Georgie Perceval—and Mr. John were straining at the leash for two acts, and Mr. Parker had to work hard to keep them in hand. The artificial, engaging play reminded us of another Georgian piece at the same house—Mr. Barrie's "Quality Street." It was interesting to note how much more judgment and less freshness there was in Mr. Parker's piece.

Thank goodness, he avoided the artificial sentimental tap; but what a pity he did not dispense with the elderly maiden sisters. It is time that there was a law against exhibiting the humours of mockery at amorous old maids—though if there were we should have missed excellent performances by Miss Alice Beet and Miss Gwynne Herbert. Mr. Charles Hawtrey is hardly himself when making love in wig and ruffles, and I missed his moustache—so did he, I fancy. I like his self better than his John March, but he acted very ably as the middle-aged bachelor in love with the pretty maid from England who arrived at Boston just at the beginning of the dreadful war which cost us the States. Miss Billie Burke is the latest recruit from the musico-dramatic stage. She played the part of Georgie quite cleverly, and showed real aptitude for comedy. Mr. O. B. Clarence made a fine piece of quiet comedy out of an old clerk.



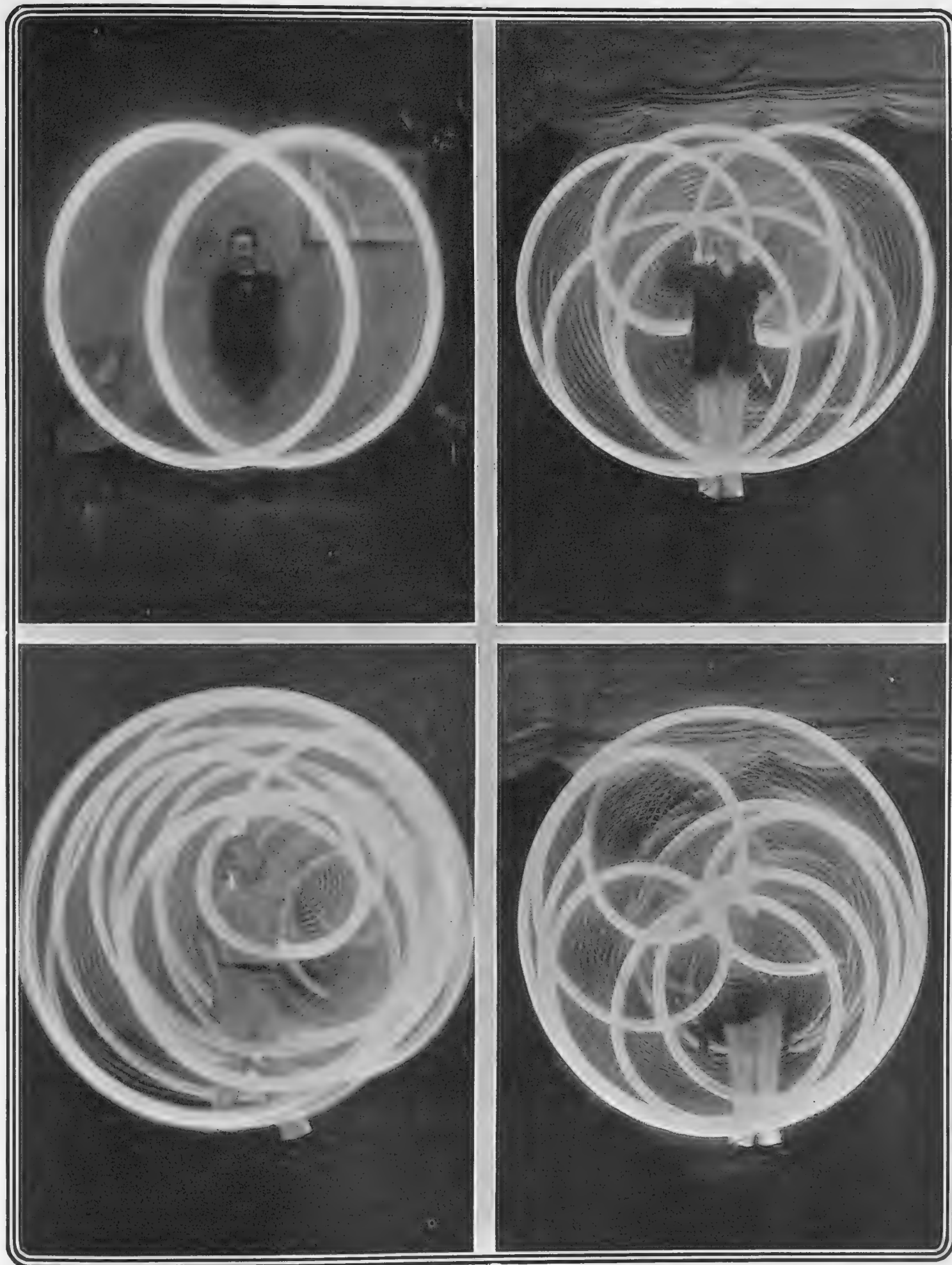
THE PRESIDING GENIUS OF "THE PALACE OF PUCK": WIDGERY BLAKE (MR. H. V. ESMOND).

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



## THE GEOMETRY OF THE INDIAN CLUB :

REMARKABLE EFFECTS GAINED BY SWINGING ELECTRICALLY LIGHTED CLUBS.



Mr. George W. Patterson, of Chicago, has earned the title of America's champion club-swinger by the beautiful effects he gains by means of his electrically lighted Indian clubs. Each club contains twenty-four three-candle-power lamps, set in three rows of eight lights each. As the little globes are coloured, no fewer than six series of different colours are obtained when the current is turned on. This latter is produced from a powerful little battery designed by Mr. Patterson himself. Although this battery weighs only 35 lb., it has 32 volts normal and a capacity of ten ampères at about 25 volts. To obtain a large number of circles the clubs have to be swung very rapidly.

*Photographs supplied by Shepstone.*

## SMALL TALK



MISS MORA ILBERT, DAUGHTER OF THE CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. ARTHUR COCHRANE ON THE 15TH.

Photograph by Beresford.

Courtenay and Lady Ilbert occupy delightful quarters just under Big Ben. Miss Ilbert's bridegroom was one of the Duke of Norfolk's Gold Staff officers at the Coronation, and during the last three years he has borne the picturesque, old-world title of "Rouge Croix Pursuivant of Arms."

### A Popular Member's Daughter.

world. This has been very noticeable with the brilliant galaxy of fair maidens who have accompanied the Colonial Premiers to the Old Country; and quite an interesting chapter of social history might be written round the personalities of the various daughters and sisters of the Cabinet. The popular M.P. for Torquay is said to have owed a portion of his success at the last election to the clever canvassing of his eldest daughter, who, in spite of her youth, is an earnest Liberal and a persuasive speaker. Mr. Layland-Barratt is the fortunate possessor of two beautiful country homes, as well as one of the most commodious houses in Cadogan Square, and he will probably do a good deal of entertaining on behalf of his party during the present session.

### From the Sea to the Strand.

There seems a traditional connection between our oldest evening paper and the sea, for the late Sir George Armstrong was in his day a distinguished naval officer, and an Indian Mutiny man to boot; while the new Baronet also began life in the Navy, and only retired in order to take over the two great papers of which his father had made such successes. Oddly enough, Sir George's second name is Eliot, and one cannot help asking oneself whether this was owing to the late Sir George Armstrong's admiration for the famous woman writer. The present editor of the *Globe* has given hostages to fortune in the shape of a son, who is eleven years old, and of two daughters.

### Pulpit Thrills.

It is of no use shuddering over the idea of novels being adapted for pulpit use at Primrose Hill; the thing has already been done again and again

BOTH the old and the new order are represented in the marriage of Miss Mora Ilbert, one of the pretty daughters of the Clerk of the House of Commons, and Mr. Arthur Cochrane, who, before he became a distinguished official of the College of Arms, was noted as a cricketer and as a writer. There is always something especially picturesque and interesting in a marriage taking place from the official residence of a great official, and Sir



A NEW BARONET: SIR GEORGE ARMSTRONG, EDITOR OF THE "GLOBE."

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

by Dr. Hills, of Brooklyn. Novels and poems and biography have served him, and served him well, his congregation preferring his literature to his sermons. Not a bad idea for such a reading would be "Perils of the Pulpit." One tableau would be that in which

a ferocious cat flung itself from the rafters of St. Margaret's like a great black fury upon Newman, in almost the last sermon he preached before venturing to Rome. Stranger still would be the story of Newman Hall's escape from death in the pulpit at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road. Before the eyes of the spellbound congregation, a man armed with a bludgeon advanced to the pulpit and made for the preacher. The latter placed his hands ready for vaulting over the side; but a couple of men stole from behind the organ, and led the maniac away. When the service ended it was found that a terror-stricken woman in the congregation had been seized with paralysis. For

thrills, the real life-story of the pulpit can give the novel a start and a beating.

### An Original Thinker.

The competitors in the Peking-Paris drive will, of course, make the Celestials see new stars in their trip across China; but, frankly, the motor-car occasions just as much amazement now in rural England when breaking new routes. And that is the point: the motorist, when he has finished his long run upon the main road, betakes himself to minor highways, consecrated since minor highways first were to the rumble of the country cart, the slouch of



A SIGN OF THE KING'S GOODWILL TOWARDS GERMANY: THE PAIR OF ENGLISH HORSES PRESENTED TO PRINCE AND PRINCESS EITEL FRITZ BY HIS MAJESTY.

A Berlin Society paper, writing on certain comments made in some of its contemporaries, remarks that the clamour against King Edward is ridiculous. The writer adds that the King has been "quite as generous in the bestowal of his favours upon German Princes as upon those of other Powers," instancing the gift illustrated above.

heavy-footed Hodge. And what think the latter and his lady of it all? One small child was driven by the sight to reflection upon original sin. Dust swirled past the window in grey eddies. "Poor Adam and Eve," he said. "Why do you say that, child?" his mother asked. "Don't you know?" he answered. "It was said to Adam and Eve, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return,' and just look how they are blowing about."

### There is Hair.

There has been a great sale of hair-pushers in Paris during the past few days. Every *garçon* who respects himself is growing a moustache. No more will he be taken for a domestic servant or an Englishman. To be bearded as the pard is always a sign of manliness in France; the male creature who is shaven and shorn is either a priest, and therefore no man, or a *garçon*, who, as he is called a boy, cannot expect to rank as a man. That is the secret of the whole agitation, the cause of the tribulation and the talk. Boys will be boys no more; they will be men.



ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE MEMBER FOR TORQUAY: MISS LAYLAND-BARRATT.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



"THE VERY ESSENCE OF ACTING IS UNREALITY."

DR. DISTIN-MADDICK IN THE LIONS' DEN: THE SCALA LION-DOGS IN THEIR MAKE-UP.



"FOR A LIVING DOG IS BETTER THAN A DEAD LION."

The lions that appear in the last act of "The Judgment of Pharaoh," and, with proper respect for heroes, refuse to devour Jevan, have caused considerable interest. Needless to say, they are not real. In point of fact, they are dogs in elaborate masks. Writing of them Dr. Distin-Maddick says: "The fact that the Scala lions are not 'real' seems to have given great offence to some critics. Did anyone seriously expect our lions to be 'real'? Did they suppose that Mr. Brandon Thomas was a real Pharaoh, or Mr. Fernandez a real Hebrew patriarch? Was Sir Henry Irving ever a real Becket, or Mr. Tree a real Nero? The very essence of acting is unreality. The moment it becomes real it ceases to be acting. . . . As a matter of fact a very large number of our visitors leave the theatre under the impression that the lions are real."—[Photographs by Foulsham and Balfield.]



WIFE OF THE COMMODORE OF THE ROYAL YACHT, MRS. COLIN KEPPEL.  
*Photograph by Bullingham.*

politicians of both great parties. There will be a considerable number of important Court ceremonies, including a State ball. Royal visitors will come and go, one of the most welcome to both their Majesties being the widowed Queen of Saxony, who has become very fond of this country. The Court will spend Whitsuntide at Windsor.

*Mrs. Colin Keppel.* The Keppel family have a long traditional connection with the Court, and the present commodore of the royal yacht met and married his charming wife in the Court world, at a time when they were both connected with the household of the then Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. The King's brother was much attached to the young couple, whose two daughters were named respectively Marie, after the Duchess, and Melita, after the Princess who is now the Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia. Captain Keppel was the only son of that most famous and genial of old admirals, the late Sir Harry Keppel, for whom their Majesties' warm affection was well known. Mrs. Keppel has appeared in a new rôle of late—that of chaperon. Her daughters are clever as well as pretty, and are agreeable members of the circle of young people connected with the Court.

*The New Peeress.* Lady Penrhyn is likely to play a very great rôle in the social history of romantic Wales, though she will doubtless regret leaving the neighbourhood of Towcester, where much of her married life has been spent, and where she became very popular. The marriage of Mr. Edward Sholto Douglas-Pennant to Lord Southampton's youngest sister took place just twenty-years ago. One of her sisters was for a time Maid-of-Honour to Queen Victoria, and the new Lord Penrhyn and his wife are on terms of friendship with several members of the royal family. The present King and Queen have been entertained more than once at Penrhyn Castle, which is a curious example of a modern mansion of the kind, having all the charm of an old-world stronghold

## CROWNS · CORONETS · & COURTIER

THE KING, invigorated by his pleasant holiday abroad, will have an exceptionally busy month. In some ways the most interesting episode will be the entertaining of Prince Fushimi of Japan, who will occupy York House during his stay in London. Then his Majesty will be receiving the Colonial Premiers, both publicly and privately; and the same may be said of the members of the Cabinet, for the King keeps in very close touch with the

and all the comfort connected with modern architecture. Lady Penrhyn is the mother of five children, her eldest daughter having been included, till the family went into deep mourning, among this spring's débutantes.

### The Most Exclusive Club.

The most exclusive of the great London clubs is undoubtedly the Marlborough, which has its habitat at 52, Pall Mall. It is situated on the "sweet, shady side" of the most famous of Clubland thoroughfares, and is a very unpretentious building compared with some of its larger neighbours. The Marlborough Club was founded in 1869, and for a long while it was popularly supposed, rightly or wrongly, to include no member who was



A NEW PEERESS, LADY PENRHYN.  
*Photograph by Keturah Collings.*

not in a special sense persona grata with the then Prince of Wales. The entrance-fee is comparatively small, namely, thirty pounds; but then this most exclusive clubhouse, though it is much used by millionaires, was in no sense founded with a view to catering for the very wealthy. The membership is strictly limited to five hundred, and though the cuisine is probably the most perfect in London, no attempt to rival the luxury of many comparatively humble clubs is made by the committee. Its proximity to Marlborough House is perhaps one reason why the Sovereign, before his accession, was so often at the Marlborough Club, and even now his Majesty sometimes spends an hour or two there with some chosen friend.



"THE KING'S CLUB": THE DINING-ROOM OF THE MARLBOROUGH CLUB, SHOWING THE KING'S FAVOURITE SEAT (X).



"THE KING'S CLUB": THE WRITING-ROOM OF THE MARLBOROUGH CLUB, SHOWING THE KING'S DESK (1), AND A CARTOON OF HIS MAJESTY (2).

*Photographs by Arthur Ullgett.*

### Sins of the Censor.

We are not to have a representation at the Military Tournament of the attack on the Kashgar Gate, and we are not to have any "Mikado" music while the Japanese royal Prince whom we are welcoming stays with us. There is never any knowing where the veto of the Censor will descend. In Turkey, the other day, it nearly banned

Verdi's "Aïda." It did prohibit "The Merchant of Venice," as tending to excite hatred of the Jews; and changed the name of "Othello" to "Jealousy." Those who have seen "Everyman" may think themselves lucky. It might have been forbidden. Five years ago Mr. Walter Stephens, author of "Brown at Brighton" and other plays, submitted a dramatised version of "Paradise Lost." Down on him came the Censor, saying "Scriptural" in condemnation. The play was based on that very manuscript in Trinity College, Cambridge, in which Milton had himself commenced to dramatise the work.



# THE SCALA LIONS IN THEIR DEN?

(WITH APOLOGIES TO "THE JUDGMENT OF PHARAOH," AND ALL CONCERNED IN THE PRODUCTION AT THE SCALA.)



THE BEAUTEOUS DAMSEL IN DISTRESS: "The lions—how they roar!"

THE STAGE-MANAGER (*behind the scenes*): Now then, boys—a good, healthy roar. All together, please.

DRAWN BY NOEL POCKOCK.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**Cricket in Peace and War.**

Cricket is upon us: to-day we have the annual meeting of the M.C.C., to be followed this evening by the banquet. It would have been a pleasant idea to invite General Botha to the latter. He has seen the Parliament proper at work, he has been helping Mr. Haldane to draw up schemes for imperial defence; it would have been nice for him to meet the Parliament of Cricket. The game constituted a bond of sympathy between Boer and Briton in South Africa when for the rest it was a case of shooting on sight. When the late Prince Christian Victor went out with a flag of truce in answer to one from the Boers, to arrange for the burial of the dead, the man with whom he had to deal was one Pristorius, "lawyer, son of Anak, gallant, golden-bearded fighting man, gentleman and dandy." The Prince thought him a fine fellow, though soon afterwards they were once again hard at it, fighting. Not long afterwards, the Prince had the satisfaction of knocking up a hundred runs for Headquarters Staff, Pretoria *v.* the Rest. One of the umpires was the Middelburg lawyer, Pristorius. He had surrendered shortly after their previous meeting.

**The Art of Meanness.**

Mr. Asquith's story of the man who, determined to economise, put down the family pew, recalls one of "Chicago" Smith, of whom the world is again hearing. Men of Elgin, with which place Smith had been connected early in life, called upon him for a subscription, hoping, of course, that his contribution would enormously enhance their funds. He agreed to contribute, and they were radiant with joy as they saw him running up the column of sums already given. Obviously he meant to make up the required balance, they thought. But they did not know their Smith. What he was about was to count the names, divide the total by that number, and give them the average thus ascertained. This sort of prudence is really a high art. Only a Russell Sage could equal it.

**The Old Adam.**

He equalled that performance in spirit; he excelled it in actual execution. The grandson of a man who had befriended him called one day, asking for the loan of a couple of sovereigns, promising that he would repay in a week's time. Sage let him have the money without undue fuss. At the hour appointed the young man reappeared, bringing his sheaves with him. Proudly he laid the ten dollars before the millionaire and departed. Soon afterwards he called again, saying that he wanted twenty pounds for a sound and excellent investment. If Sage would let him have the money he would refund with interest upon a given date. The old skinflint beamed kindly upon his young friend. "My boy," he said, "you disappointed me once, and I don't want you to

do it again." The young man gasped. "Yes," the other went on, "you paid me back that ten dollars when I never expected you would. Now, if I let you have a hundred, I should expect you to pay it back, and you wouldn't. One disappointment is enough at my time of life, my boy." And he pleasantly bowed his visitor out of the office.

**An Old Story.**

Blunders, like history, repeat themselves. One of the papers, reporting the Prime Minister in a speech in which he spoke of a man's hares and pheasants, makes him speak irreverently of somebody's "heirs and peasants." Sir

Henry will remember that the country was once roused to indignation by the report that one of his predecessors in office was having great sport peasant-shooting in Ireland. The missing "h" made a world of difference. There is a fine impartiality about the printer when he makes up his mind to improve upon a man's spoken or written words; he is mindful of the diction of the great equally with that of the unmighty. One manipulator of the types improved Huxley's "pigs as unwilling porters of the devil" into the "porkers" of that sable gentleman; and so treated Dean Stanley's contraction, "Jerus.," for "Jerusalem," that a passage read: "We saw the setting sun gilding the landscape as we topped the summit, and our eyes were met by the glorious sight of Jones." Newman, in the kindest way, designed a dedication to Serjeant Bellasis, but the compositor would have none of it. "Our long, equable, and sunny friendship" he modified into the more striking and original "Our long squabble and funny friendship."

**Showers of Blessings.**

The triple addition to the quiver of Mr. Ellis Davies, M.P., distinguishes him very specially. Only once in nearly eight thousand births do triplets occur. Twins are relatively common,

occurring once in every four-score and nine births. Quadruplets are said to be numbered among every 371,126 births. If that be so the happy parents must be careful to keep the good news to themselves, for there has been only one such bountiful gift announced in England during modern times; and that was in Bristol nearly two years ago, the hero and heroine of the achievement being a workman and his wife named Rawlings. Larger performances are reported from America, where, according to the medical Press, a quintuple birth happened at Mayfield, Kentucky. President Roosevelt ought to know the parents. Kaiser William, however, has subjects as mindful of their duty of maintaining the birth-rate. There was a quintuple birth in West Prussia simultaneously with the quadruple feat at Bristol, and when last heard of the mother and the little host were doing famously.

**REAL NEED FOR HURRY.**

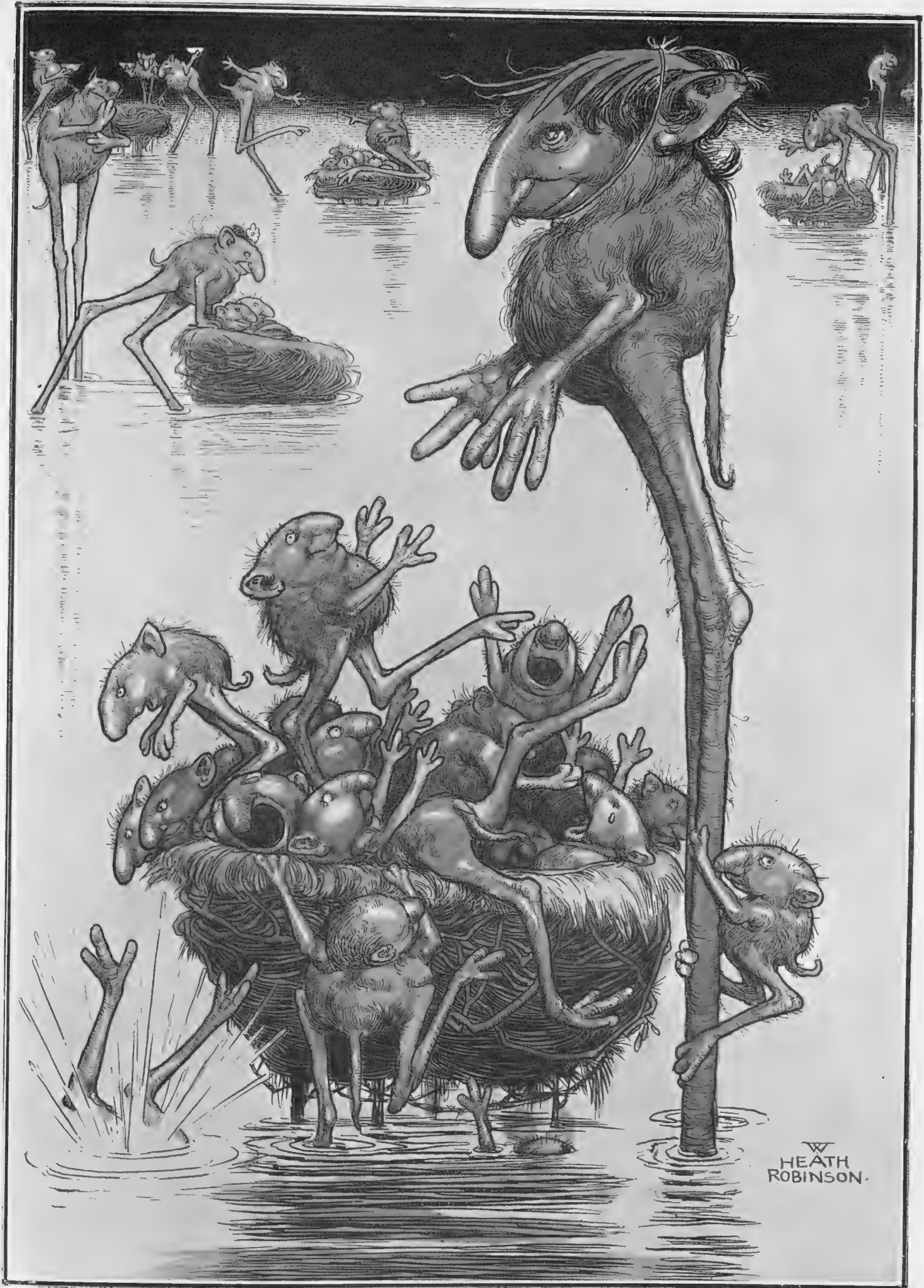
THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE BONNET-BOX: Don't stop me, old chap! Don't stop me! I've got a new hat for my wife in here, and if I'm not quick it'll be out of fashion before she's worn it!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



"THE SKETCH" THEORY OF THE DESCENT OF MAN.

DRAWN AND EVOLVED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



STAGE VI.—THE DOMESTICOSAURUS.

Found Nesting in the Dismal Swamps of the Measleozoic Age.

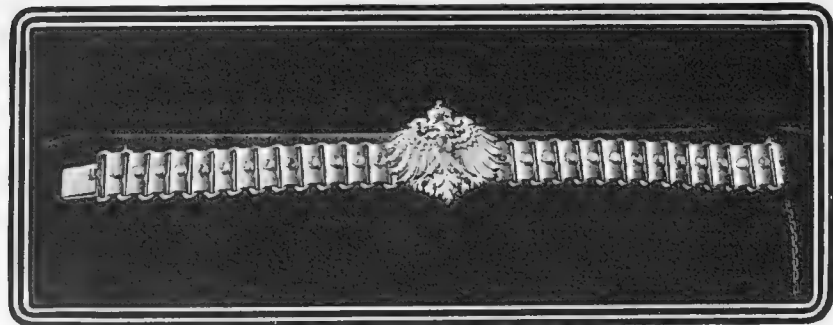


## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



"MY DARLING'S" start for its tour sends Mr. J. F. McArdle to add additional miles to his record. In one respect few, if any, other actors can compete with him, for he has crossed the Atlantic forty-one times. If he has had a wide experience in England, he has had a wider one on the other

production during the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford of a drama based on the subject of "Don Quixote." It is constructed by Mr. G. E. Morrison and Mr. Robert Stewart, but the writing is the unaided work of Mr. Morrison, who is a barrister by profession, is a member of the dramatic staff of the *Morning Post*, and until last month was the dramatic critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a position he had held for six years. Besides "Don Quixote," Mr. Morrison has written several plays. Among them was one called "Sixteen, Not Out," played by the four Sisters Dene, the eldest of whom was Miss Dorothy Dene, who so often sat to Lord Leighton. Mr. Morrison also collaborated, in "Mr. Richards," with Mr. Bouchier and Mr. Stewart. It was produced at the Shaftesbury, but ran only three nights—"one for each of the authors," as Mr. Morrison humorously puts it.



FROM KAISER TO LEADING LADY: THE BRACELET PRESENTED TO MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR ON THE OCCASION OF MR. TREE'S VISIT TO BERLIN.

Photograph by Halfones

side. At the time of the gold discoveries at Cripple Creek, Colorado, for instance, he travelled through the district with a repertoire company, playing, as he says, "to big money and big miners, and paying gold-prospectors' prices for accommodation." One night he slept on a billiard-table, and paid half-a-sovereign for the privilege; while on another occasion, with two friends, he slept in a small tent, for which they paid a sovereign. These prices, Mr. McArdle believes, have, however, been "exceeded by some watering-place landladies much nearer home than Cripple Creek."

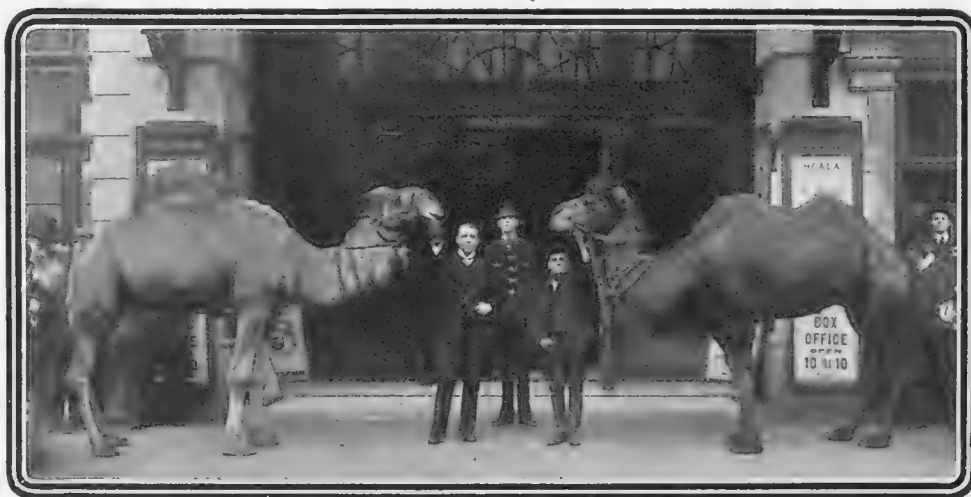
Mr. McArdle tells an amusing story of an incident which happened at Boise City, Idaho. The manager of the company was both bibulous and humorous, and devoted his time to counting the houses and advertising the plays at the local hotels. On the day of the arrival of the company, a very austere temperance advocate was due to give a lecture in the town, but, unfortunately, his train was delayed by a "wash-out." The theatrical train travelled in its place, and when the florid-complexioned manager stepped unsteadily from his carriage, he was greeted by the president of the Boise City Temperance Reformers, escorted down the platform, and handed into a coach drawn by four horses decked with blue ribbons. Appreciating the humour of the situation, he allowed himself to be driven to the Temperance Hall, which was to be the theatre of the evening. He dozed through the introductory speech of the Vice-Chairman, and was suddenly awakened to the fact that he was expected to make a speech. His hesitation was put down to slight nervousness, and a glass of clear cold water was offered him. The sudden shock of the proceeding led to his emphatically demanding "something to keep it warm." That caused a hurried explanation, and the manager's even more hurried exit, after having informed the audience that the "greatest show on earth" would appear in the hall that same evening.

The erroneous belief that Cervantes died on the same day as Shakespeare, and the fact that he is to the literature of Spain what Shakespeare is to our own literature, gives peculiar interest to the

Mr. Speedy, who is startling audiences at the Hippodrome by diving from a height of some forty feet above the roof, came naturally by his extraordinary accomplishment. As a boy he was always making more or less high dives, but they were nothing out of the ordinary. The first intimation of his gift and the first demonstration he gave of it occurred on a memorable occasion when it came to his father's ears that he had been playing truant.

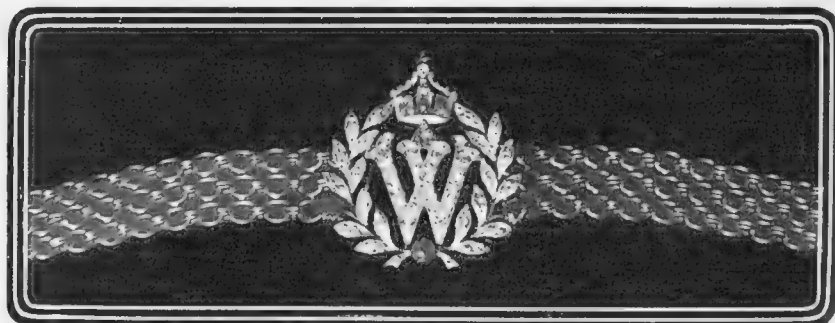
His father determined to signify his disapproval in the manner usual with parents. In the manner usual with boys, Mr. Speedy sought to escape paying the penalty of his act. When, therefore, his father tried to catch him, he ran. Determined to chastise him, his father ran after him. Young Speedy headed for a bluff near their house. His father secretly rejoiced as he ran, for he reflected that the bluff was immediately over the Missouri River, which flowed muddily by, ninety-six feet below, and he calculated that the boy would have to stop when he got to the edge. To his father's amazement, however, when the boy got to the edge of the bluff he did not stop, but bringing his hands together over his head, he dived

without hesitation into the water below. In horror his father approached the edge of the bluff, and to his amazement saw the lad swimming quietly to the other side of the river. After satisfying



REAL LIFE IN "THE JUDGMENT OF PHARAOH": THE CAMELS THAT APPEAR IN ACT I.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



FROM KAISER TO LEADING LADY: THE BRACELET PRESENTED TO MISS VIOLA TREE BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR ON THE OCCASION OF MR. TREE'S VISIT TO BERLIN.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

himself that the boy was safe he went home. Later in the day young Speedy entered, congratulating himself that he had escaped chastisement. In that, however, he found himself unpleasantly disappointed. Not only did he get the flogging for playing truant, but it was intensified for endangering his life by taking what his father regarded as a foolhardy dive.



## THE BREAK THAT NEVER ENDS :

THE ANCHOR STROKE—HOW THE POSITION IS GAINED.



## GETTING THE BALLS INTO PLACE FOR THE FAMOUS STROKE.

We here show how the position necessary for the anchor stroke may be gained. There seems no doubt that the movement in favour of the abolition of the stroke is wise. Breaks of ridiculous size have been made—witness Dawson's 23,769, unfinished—and the game is becoming monotonous.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Reinhold Thiele.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

STAFFORD HOUSE is the finest in all London for an entertainment, not excepting Lansdowne House itself. Lord and Lady Lansdowne must themselves have come to this conclusion of renunciation the other night when they watched the Duchess of Sutherland receive her two thousand guests "to meet the Colonial Premiers." In some houses it is only the hostess who is at home—every guest is "at home" at the great house which Queen Victoria shrewdly called a palace as against her own Buckingham "House." Buckingham Palace has the advantage in size and in nothing else. Only so composite a hostess as the Duchess could collect so composite a company and be in sympathy with it all. A beauty among the beautiful, a "great lady" among "great ladies," she held her natural reign; but when you saw Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, you remembered that the hostess herself had written a novel, and, with the sight of Mr. Tree or Miss Marion Terry, that she had appeared as a playwright. The Duchess's other guests included many of the men and women who keep her amused or interested by their pens. The brisk editor of *Punch* was there, and found, of course, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, whom *Punch* has lately taken to associating with Dr. Saleeby as being omnipresent and omniscient. Mr. Nevinston forgot, for an evening, the Russian horrors that he has seen and has made others all but see; Mr. John Morley and Mr. Winston Churchill and Sir Henry Norman—but we must now reckon these as lost men of letters—politicians first, penmen afterwards. Mr. Max Beerbohm had the opportunity of admiring the symmetry of General Botha's features—nothing crooked there, nothing for caricature. Mr. Herbert Trench was among the poets; Lady Betty Belfour reminded one of a perfectly edited book of paternal letters; and Mr. Lewis Harcourt had to answer questions here and there about his forthcoming volume.

Mr. Richard Whiteing, of No. 5, John Street, has been deep in the consideration of a very different address. From Whitechapel to Walden needs the stride of a Colossus, but Mr. Whiteing has spanned it. There has been nothing written of Thoreau that so concisely sums up a man and an experiment as Mr. Whiteing's preface to the "Walden" of Messrs. Blackie and Sons' Red Letter Library. That Walden was a rest-cure, "as artificial a thing as the hustle it is meant to remedy," was hardly confessed by that hewer of wood and drawer of water, whom, nevertheless, Mr. Whiteing holds—and most of us with him—to be one of the world's greatest mind-doctors. True, Stevenson railed at Thoreau for a skulker; but he repented of the epithet—he who repented less seldom, perhaps, than any man who wrote so much about so many persons and things.

Mr. Charles Marriott's new novel is, says its author, his best work. Mr. Marriott has refused to sit on his pedestal of "The Column." He was hoisted thereupon amid acclamation; and the temptation must have been to make more "Columns," and have more sunny seats. But Mr. Marriott is a student of the art of story-telling; he lives in remote Cornwall, that he may study with few distractions; and the result is apparent

in the new leaves the public may now turn over. The simple life has its votaries in literature: the way of progress with such is to drop ornaments rather than to multiply them. A sense of physical confinement is sometimes the means of gaining full freedom for the pen. From Raleigh to Oscar Wilde, from Lovelace to Wilfrid Blunt, the silent cell has been a haunt of words. Even the women of Lancashire, whose lives have been in cotton-mills rather than in libraries, have known the stress of composition in Holloway; and Manchester has its score of willing Dames Pellico. The twelve times twelve women who have gone to prison because women are not voters must surely yield us one writer of "race," as Dr. Johnson called it; one woman who can put into literature with vivacity this new phase of woman's life.

Once on a time Mr. Bernard Shaw, it is said, backed his name to appear in papers for every day of a year. It is a wager easily won. When the Suffragette, the true superman, ousted him from the Court Theatre, there was, perhaps, in newspaper notices a threatened pause; but Prince Troubetzkoy's bust at the New Gallery will keep the ball rolling, as did the Rodin bust in the winter, as did the flaming preface to the catalogue of an exhibition of photographs, wherein it was deplored that Velasquez had not the help of the camera. Mr. Shaw must know that if he meets a man in the Strand clothed only in copies of a newspaper, he would be astonished; but when that man confesses that he is performing for a wager Mr. Shaw's astonishment dwindles; so it is that any such report of a wager, made by even a master of polemics, would lessen the value of the diurnal course in which his name was rolled around. Even to surprise us, Mr. Shaw must not conspire with the commonplace.

One must not forget, now that Mr. Birrell has made the humdrum of the House of Commons his study, the good things he said when he was still unofficial. His description of Under-Secretaries as "chatterboxes silenced by a salary beyond their merits" gains in point by his association with this man and that in the same Administration; but it was Mr.

Birrell himself who had to recall the phrase to the ears of a forgetful generation. Another phrase of his may be revived in view of the latest evidence of the Entente Cordiale—the publication of a life of Hazlitt in France. "You may live like a gentleman for a twelvemonth on Hazlitt's ideas," was Mr. Birrell's rather pretty way of stating the case. Dull people who say that this is a Government of pillage will, of course, find in Mr. Birrell's dictum a full confirmation of their views.

Dr. Johnson had a word of terror that should be held in mind by certain authors of our own time, who bring out new books only to repeat themselves. He was speaking of a poet, whom he accused not only of repetition but of plagiarism, and said that, not content with robbing other peoples' ideas, he stole even his own!

Miss Julia Marlowe is accompanied to England by Miss McCracken, author of "Woman in America," who is to contribute to the *Atlantic Monthly* a series of articles more or less dealing with the English Scene.

M. E.



CATERER FOR MIND AND BODY: MR. JOSEPH LYONS, WITH WHOM MR. CECIL RALEIGH IS COLLABORATING IN A SERIES OF NOVELS.

Mr. Lyons, chairman of the company that bears his name, is taking to novel-writing in collaboration with Mr. Cecil Raleigh, of Drury Lane drama fame, and his first work of the kind is to form No. 1. of the Lyons Library, to be published by Messrs. Cassell. Mr. Lyons has also written poetry, and has had several pictures in the Academy.

Photograph by Schmidt.



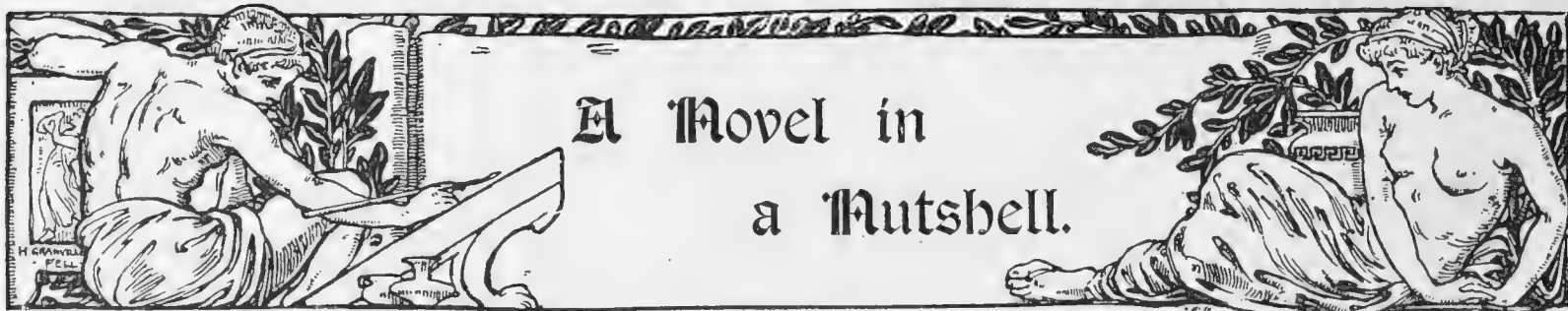
"A LION AMONG LADIES IS A MOST DREADFUL THING."



MRS. GEORGE: Oh, George, if that dreadful lion broke loose, who would you save first—the children or me?

GEORGE (*without hesitation*): Me!

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



## THE SOUL OF THE ARTIST.

BY EDITH LEMIN.

THE musician stood on the platform of the great concert-hall, bending his head in a rapid succession of half-nodding bows in response to the frantic applause—left and right, before and behind. For beyond the orchestra at his back rose tier upon tier of human faces. Then, with the footsteps of one whose spirit is uplifted, he hurried away. The applause, instead of dying, swelled. The slight, boyish figure, hugging the beloved fiddle, came hurrying into sight again, repeated the quick, nodding bows, and once more disappeared. But the liquid, running sound of bare hands clapping did not cease. Instead, it was drowning in tumult.

It seemed long before the boy responded. When he did, the colour had left his face—left it drained and haggard. He looked suddenly worn out. The people rose at him. They stood up and shouted. But the boy did not bow; he walked straight up to the conductor and impulsively held out his hand.

The great man, bending from his cage-like stand, his back towards the house, took the hand and shook it warmly; then himself thrust out two softly clapping white-gloved hands upon his left, to tell the world of his approval. And then once more the pale boy went away. But the people would not, could not let him go. They had not yet expressed half they felt. A boy like this must, should know the whole they thought of him. The pale face now was flushed with red, and the fine eyes gleamed and shone. He fell to bowing again. Still the people were not satisfied. They had him back again—again—and yet again. Would the tumult never cease? But at last—at last—the orchestra struck up "God Save the King," and the boy was free. But people came pressing into the artists' room, and fell to shaking hands and worshipping him anew. How pale he was again; now how flushed!

His physical strength was overstrained; but the tireless spirit still leapt and burnt like a flame, and carried the exhausted body on. An old man of towering height—his famous master—watched him closely. How he loved him! How his old heart, that might have grown cold, glowed warmly in the knowledge of the love he bore the boy! And in the knowledge, too, of *what* he loved—that delicate, exquisite, sensitive organism, upon which every emotion played and brought forth such a flood of glorious passion; that treasure of heaven. A sudden anger gleamed in the old man's eyes. These people were overtaxing, injuring him, tampering with the highly strung temperament. They were of those who would eat larks' tongues for dinner.

With a sudden rough resolution which everyone knew Savalle sent them all away. In a few moments the room was clear, save for a girl who sat quietly by the wall. She had made no attempt to join the ring of hero-worshippers, but she had watched the boy steadily—sometimes, perhaps, a trifle wistfully; sometimes, it seemed, even a little fearfully.

He stood now smiling—already in retrospection. It was but his third big concert. He had been working hard, terribly hard. He had been racked with anxiety, nervousness, apprehension, anticipation. He had run the gamut of all the moods the artistic temperament alone can know. He was too young to realise the strain of preparation. But his master realised it; and his master guarded him. They—the old man, the girl, the young man—were soon driving through the streets. The night was fine now, but it had lately rained; and the wet pavements shining in the lamp-light, the hurrying life, the cries, the sounds, the clatter and rumble of traffic, aye, and the bloated faces, the evil eyes, the painted women, the rags, the squalor and the pain, were all music to the boy as he saw them through the windows of the brougham: music silver-sweet, warm, clamorous, tripping, lilting, laughing, weird, terrible, sobbing, hopeless—but still music. Just as to a painter they are pictures; to a writer, stories; to a poet, a flight of burning words. The old man, he was music, too, to the lad: a genius—and how grandly generous! How eagerly he put the

boy's success before his own, fostered the boy's gifts before everything! The old man's soul played no false note. The boy realised it suddenly, and life was grand.

With a sense of reaction, half chill, half regret, he glanced at the girl who sat beside him. She was beautiful, and had he known her but slightly she would have been music to him, too. The poise of the small head upon the slender neck was both haughty and gentle. The sweep of the lashes was so perfect that, restlessly, the boy noted it again and yet again, with that instant recognition of beauty which is the birthright, and, alas! sometimes the doom of the artist's soul.

Then vividly he remembered that that at which he looked was but a beautiful envelope. And they were among the things he feared—these lovely, empty cases. For, young as he was, he knew that a day might come when he would mistake one of them for something it was not. And he knew it would mean death—death to that which was more than life to him. He turned from her with a quick feeling of detachment.

"She thinks, feels nothing," he thought, "as she looks into the night. She does not know the world is glowing."

He moved farther away into his corner, and looked into the old man's face again. They were quiet; but the talk would come—later. They both knew it. They both caressed the anticipation. And it came. The boy lay in a great armchair, in an attitude of happy abandon. The old man sat opposite in quiet comfort. The girl had slipped away.

They talked—how they talked!—of everything the boy had played, his rendering of every passage, the effect produced, the inspiration that had called certain treatment into being, the reason he did this, the manner in which the audience had understood that, appreciated the other; on and on, never tiring; now eagerly, now thoughtfully, now with shouts of hilarity; revelling in their common gift, joking at their own expense, living.

Suddenly the old man remembered some letters that must be attended to. But he deferred the evil moment. There was so much more to say—there were so many things to say again.

At last, with a regretful sigh, he rose slowly from his chair. "They must be written, confound them!" said he. "But you mustn't go. I'll not be long. And I'll send Muriel down to you." And Savalle left the room.

Muriel came in quietly, and smiled, and said a few words—cheerful, commonplace. She moved to and fro, picking up a book here, replacing a chair there. Then she sat down near Conrad and looked into the fire.

The boy regarded her half idly, this ward of Savalle, who, six months ago, had appeared so suddenly in the old man's home. She thought, he reflected, scarcely more of all that meant so much to him, and Savalle, than of the rug upon which she stood. It struck him as being overpoweringly ludicrous. He had a sudden impulse to tease her.

"Miss Muriel," he said, "you don't congratulate me. You don't say that you enjoyed my concert. I am naturally hurt."

She turned her eyes from the fire and looked at him gravely. But she did not speak.

He laughed outright. "You won't kill me with flattery, Miss Muriel," he said.

Muriel smiled a little. "What shall I say? You have heard that you played exquisitely, marvellously, divinely. And it is all true. What is there left for me to say?"

He smiled, a little contemptuously. "What is there left?" he thought. "Heavens! To be like that! What is there left? Why, there is a whole world, a whole kingdom left. Why was it possible for a human body to be so richly dowered yet to have no ego?" He frowned at the thought.

Perhaps she read his impatience. For her face, her eyes, grew thoughtful. She looked into the fire again, and silence fell. And presently Conrad noticed, to his astonishment, that the even

(Continued overleaf.)



TRUTH AT THE WELL!



THE 'CONFUSED GENTLEMAN: It's norra bit o' use goin' on like that, Maria. You may drown me if you liksh, but I never hadda drop—nothin'.

DRAWN BY V. SMITH.

cheerfulness which so often irritated him had fallen away, and the eyes which looked into the fire were wide and dark, and the little face was pale and sad. His heart leapt as he saw it, for he did not know her.

They sat so—her eyes upon the fire, his eyes on her. She must either have forgotten him, or did not realise all her small face said. How sad it was! Presently she raised her bent head and glanced round, rather helplessly. Then she was herself again; the look of sadness was quite gone. But Conrad knew it had not been his fancy. What was its birth? where its home? She fell to chatting—in the light, pretty, conventional manner the boy was accustomed to. How she clung to her commonplaces! The boy's irritation grew. It grew so insistent that at last, almost without his consciousness, it found a sudden vent.

"Do you ever think or feel?" he snapped.

The girl's start was unmistakable. She coloured all over her little face. Conrad bit his lip in vexation. To be unable to control himself! How contemptible! She rose restlessly from her chair, and stood looking into the fire once more. The moments passed. For his life Conrad could find no words. Suddenly the girl turned to him—impulsively, almost passionately.

"Listen!" she said. "You think me scarcely more than an automaton; you think I never rise above nor sink below the obvious; you think me of a different order from yourself. You—who tread upon air and float on clouds; who rock and sing to the music of your soul; who burn and glow, and invest everything around you with your magic—you think——"

"Muriel!" Conrad had risen to his feet, and stood staring at her, in amazement at her words.

"Oh, I know!" she cried. "I know! You think I cannot understand how you have lived and felt to-night. You despise me, and you are sorry for me—that I am made like this. She threw back her head and laughed quite bitterly. Conrad gasped.

"Listen!" she said again. "You are sorry for me—but you are not one tenth so sorry for me as I am for you."

"You for me?"

"Not only sorry, but afraid."

"Afraid?"

She nodded, fixing her dark, earnest eyes upon his face.

"Afraid. Horribly, terribly afraid," she said.

"What do you mean?" The words were almost fearful.

"This is what I mean. You are living in a world that is all of the spirit. I do not say it is not real; I know it is. You think you could endure in no other atmosphere, in no other fashion. It is not only your heaven, it is the very breath of your existence. All your strivings, ambitions, hopes, fears, loves, and hates have to do, directly or indirectly, with this world of yours—this intangible, invisible world. And the passion of your soul is so great that you will never rest until you have explored it to the uttermost." She paused.

"Well?" said he.

Her face grew awestruck. "Have you ever realised," she said, in a low, solemn tone, "that you may lose your kingdom?"

"Lose my kingdom?"

She nodded once again. "Have you ever realised that you may be thrust out, that you may wander about in the dark and bitter cold, feeling *only* the dark and cold, yet remembering what that world you lost was like? Have you ever realised that losing that world, and caring only for the things of that world, you have no other existence to turn to apart from it?—that the everyday can never satisfy you as it does your lesser brethren?" She paused for breath.

He bent forward suddenly and caught her wrists. "Why should I lose my world?" he cried almost imploringly.

"Because the spirit, though strong as steel, is exquisitely sensitive. Because the temporal things which will beset you will pay you no special consideration on account of your birthright, but rather belabour you the more; because life can be coarse and cruel, remorseless, hideous, brutal; because you may be trampled on, twisted, tortured, terribly mutilated; because, although you may fight and fight and fight, you may fall at last—not bent but broken."

The colour died out of her face. The boy stood staring at her.

"How do you know all this?" he cried.

She turned and moved away from him. "What is that to you?" she said coldly—repellently.

But he followed her. "Tell me"—his voice was humble—"was this kingdom ever yours?" Then, as only silence answered him he whispered, "Was it, Muriel?"

The pause was long before she spoke. Then her voice was low as his: "As much as it is yours to-night," she said.

"And you lost it?"

Silence.

"Tell me how it happened, dear."

She turned to him suddenly, with a smile; but no smile answered her.

"You have told me half. I mean to know the whole," he said, and he caught her hands in his.

She drew them away, gently enough, and sat down, and, obeying the motion of her hand, he sat down too. There was silence for a moment. Then the girl said quietly—

"It was only that life was hard to me. Some say that Sorrow

is a wise and loving teacher, that we learn from her more and more of Beauty. I learnt and learnt, until—— But I will tell you. From my earliest days I was fed on trouble. It only made me more resolved to win the beauty that beckoned me away from it, carrying all my dear ones with me. Sometimes I gained ground a little, sometimes a great deal. Sometimes I soared into the heavens. I was always flung to earth. But my spirit was dauntless. Years passed, and it was always the same tale. There might have been some evil one who strove to fend me from what I sought. Anxiety, death, partings, disgrace, disappointment, hope deferred, for years and years—but the love of beauty never left me. Hope, endeavour still burnt and glowed. I never wavered. I never lost my kingdom. But I suffered—how I suffered! Then more loss; then treachery—betrayal; then a long silence. Then my spirit slowly woke to life again, and, bruised and wounded, struggled back to health. It even gained something of its old steadfastness, but was never quite so bright. Then loss; then treachery again. And then—I died."

She looked up, smiling. The boy lay back in his chair, and looked unseeingly before him. He was living fully through all she had so scantily described. He was picturing, feeling, suffering.

"Do you remember," asked Muriel presently, "'Sacred Fires'?"

"The dear 'Sacred Fires,'" said Conrad dreamily. "How many people love those songs! But it is the words—the words. The first time I read them they took hold of me—possessed me. I could not rest till they were set to music of my own. I still hope to know their author. But the secret is well kept."

"Savalle knows," said the girl.

He turned to her quickly. "Savalle! Why—Muriel!" A sudden light broke in upon the boy. "Muriel! Muriel! Never you?"

The girl smiled—half sadly. In a moment he was at her feet, kissing her hands, her gown.

"Muriel! Muriel!" he kept repeating.

She drew her hands away. "Conrad, don't be ridiculous," she said.

"I love you, Muriel, I love you!"

"Conrad," said the girl sternly, "let us have no more of this."

She sprang from her seat, jerking the folds of her gown from his hands, and moved away. In a moment he had followed her, and laying his hands upon her shoulders, held her with wrists of steel.

Her face grew hard. "Will you let me go?"

"No. Neither now nor ever."

His tone was so final that the rigidity of her form relaxed and drooped a little.

"Conrad," she said, with sudden weariness, "don't be foolish."

"Listen. You say you are afraid for me—afraid that I may lose my kingdom. Then save it for me, dear."

"You don't understand," she said. "I am no mate for you. My soul is dead."

"I will raise it up again—to life."

She shuddered, and shook her head. "You are only a boy," she said, "and I am a woman. How old are you—twenty? And I seven years older."

He smiled, and pressed her shoulder. "Would you send me to the Philistines? My home is here."

There was a little silence.

"I—there is no love in me," said the girl.

He led her back to her chair, near the leaping fire, and, throwing himself upon the rug at her feet, leant his head against her knees, and held her hands in his.

The moments passed. No word was spoken; and Savalle did not come. Half an hour slipped by. Presently Conrad looked up. "Do you feel nothing?" asked he.

"I—I—oh—it is fancy—just fancy."

"Tell me the fancy."

"Something—something stirring in my heart——"

"Like sap in trees?"

She did not speak.

"Like sap in trees," said he, "at the first faint, far-off call of spring."

"No, no!" she cried.

"Yes, yes! Like sap in trees, before the spring—before the spring, Muriel."

She pulled her hands from his, and putting them before her face, burst into tears.

Conrad's arms went round her. He was whispering—"Before the spring, love. Then the buds come; then the little leaves; and then—the flowers. Your heart will break into flower, sweet, and the birds will sing there."

The door opened, and Savalle came into the room. He paused and stared. "You two!" he said.

Conrad pulled Muriel gently to her feet. "We two," said he.

They stood before the towering figure of the old man, and he looked down at them.

"Boy," said he, "I have feared for you. Tom, Dick, Harry may love where they will; but you—you have saved your soul alive."

THE END.





## WORLD'S WHISPERS.

MR. ELLIS W. DAVIES is to be heartily congratulated on having provided the Mother of Parliaments with a unique instance. For the first time in the long and chequered history of the House of Commons, an M.P. has become the father of triplets. Small wonder that South Carnarvonshire is proud of her Liberal member and of his pretty, popular wife. The House always takes a keen interest in the domestic concerns of politicians—more than one budding Benedick has been cheered simply because he has come safely home (to St. Stephen's) from his honeymoon. The birth of a son and heir to some prominent statesman has also been celebrated not infrequently in the same fashion; but Mr. Ellis Davies managed to evade, for at



THE FATHER OF "THE POLITICAL TRIPLETS": MR. ELLIS W. DAVIES, M.P. FOR THE SOUTHERN DIVISION OF CARNARVONSHIRE.

*Photograph by H. Moor.*

once or twice in the half-hour; then it is an odd elongation of the syllables, which he evidently considers is characteristically Transatlantic. The Parisians, for some reason, never find anything quite so funny as the English or American accent when talking French. The Italian or Spanish, or even the German accent has no effect upon them at all.



THE DUKE WHO WAS ONCE A RAILWAY CLERK: THE DUC DE PLENEUF.

Sherard John Otway Cuffe, who describes himself as Duc de Pleneuf (in the peerage of France), appeared in court last week as plaintiff in an action which was heard in the Sheriff's Court for assessment of damages after having come down from the High Court. He was awarded £250 damages. Mr. Cuffe claims to have inherited the de Pleneuf title through an heir in the female line, his grandmother having been a daughter of the third Duke. He assumed the title in 1902. The de Pleneufs were an old Breton family.

*Photograph by Thomson*

*A Jewel Season?* The wearing of precious stones has never taken such amazing proportions as is now the case, and every prominent beauty sports her own special gem. This is to be a jewel and a bullion season; gold and silver play their part in the trimming of every frock—including tailor-made gowns—and splendid parures are to be worn even in the daytime. On the other hand, quantity and size, rather than quality and purity of tone, are being demanded by fair wearers; still there remain enough gem connoisseurs, especially among American women, to keep up a very high standard. The sale of the Lewis-Hill jewels proved to many a shrewd Society woman the fact that in gems, as in everything else, it



A FORTUNATE SPORTSMAN: MR. P. P. PEEBLES, LEADING IN THE WINNER OF THE GREAT METROPOLITAN STAKES, FATHER BLIND.

Mr. Peebles was particularly fortunate during last week's Epsom Meeting. Not only is he the owner as well as the trainer of Father Blind, the winner of the Great Metropolitan Stakes, but he is the trainer of Velocity, winner of the City and Suburban.

*Photograph by the Sports Company.*

least the first few days of his triple fatherhood, the ovation prepared for him by both Conservatives and Liberals. The three Masters Davies, who are now ten days old, were born very properly in Carnarvon, where the event has aroused the most extraordinary amount of interest and enthusiasm.

### Our Accent in French.

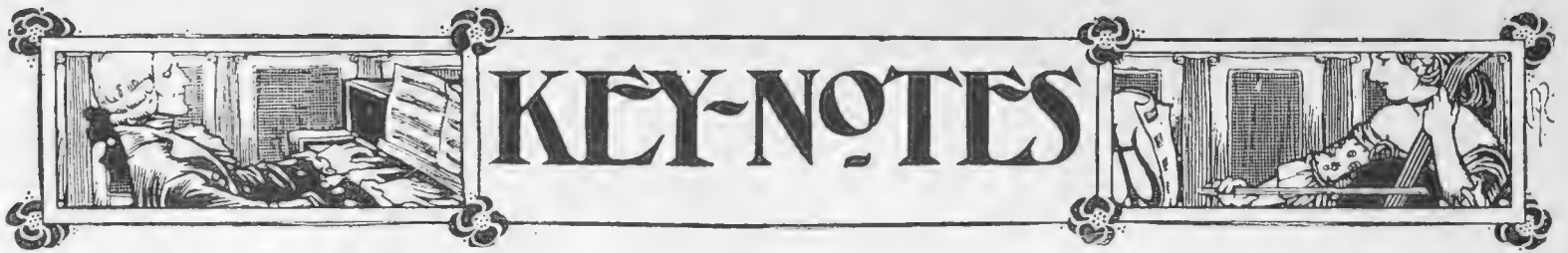
The Anglo-Saxon is absolutely indispensable, nowadays, to the success of any Paris play. At least four or five comedies during the last few months have depended for their very existence on the exotic Yankee or Englishman. These "foreigners" are delightful persons to study. M. Brieux's American, Mr. Bartlett, in the play "La Française," just produced at the Odéon, is a typical sort. He apologises profusely for not being able to express himself in French; his excuses are in the purest Parisian. That is in the first act. In the second act he has forgotten he is an American, and only breaks out with an accent



AN UNFORTUNATE PRINCE: PRINCE EITEL FRITZ OF GERMANY (WITH THE PRINCESS).

The Prince had a serious fall last week when about to begin drill with his company on the Doebritz-Parade Ground. His horse shied, and jerked its head violently against its rider, who fell to the ground unconscious. It was at first reported that the Prince was suffering from concussion of the brain, but it was stated later that he was only stunned for the moment.

pays to buy the best. All the world knows how great an increase there has been in the price of pearls, but that is also true of diamonds, emeralds, and even of the humble turquoise when the latter is of flawless blue. One young Duchess, a millionaire in her own right, is particularly devoted to turquoises, and a parure ordered by her contained seventeen specimen stones, which took over a year to collect in the precious-stone markets of the world. Many fashionable women design their own tiaras and necklaces, while others, headed by a royal lady, Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, produce admirable specimens of the quaint, often mediæval-looking jewels first imagined by Lalique. Here, however, the effect aimed at is wholly artistic, and fine flawless stones can well be replaced by those of an inferior quality. This season has already seen a return to the severely simple row of precious stones, mounted on an invisible gold or platinum chain, and family jewels are being reset in this fashion.



A VERY interesting concert will be given at the Royal Albert Hall this afternoon in honour of the veteran singer Charles Santley. The list of artists who have promised their services is a long and attractive one. Mr. Landon Ronald will direct the London Symphony Orchestra, and the executive committee charged with arrangements for the concert and the testimonial have collected nearly £600 at the time of writing. No man could be more deserving of a testimonial than Charles Santley. It may be doubted whether there are many living men whose service to music has extended over so long a period, for the great baritone singer was born in 1834, and appeared at St. Martin's Hall as Adam, in Haydn's "Creation," fifty years ago. Since then he has been one of the leading representatives of his art in this country, and his work has delighted three generations. Santley has sung at Covent Garden and at the Gaiety, at Her Majesty's Theatre, and at festivals all over the country. His first appearance at a Handel Festival at Sydenham was made nearly fifty years ago, and his triumphs extended to the United States, where his voice has found countless admirers. No small part of his success has been due to the wonderful intelligence that informs his work. One is conscious not only of a voice but of a mind, and he has been a faithful interpreter of the intentions of many composers.

Although it is unlikely that any ballet will be presented, apart from opera, at Covent Garden this season, we shall have no lack of dancing, for the divertissements associated with operas like "Gioconda" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" will be given in full. Some of the most charming music of Ponchielli's opera is associated with the ballet, and it is pleasant to be assured that no part of it will be lost. The last act of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" offers an excellent opportunity on a small scale to a clever ballet-master, and if the dancing is managed ingeniously it adds a great deal to the effect of the scene. For the revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" on Saturday night the dances have been entrusted to the sure control of Madame Cavalazzi-Mapleson, from whom we may expect effective work. If the dances in opera were considered more carefully, and handled with greater regard for the claims of the story, the return of ballet to the opera-house would not be long delayed. At the same time, one would be sorry to see ballets presented in the fashion that prevails at some of the Continental houses. Only a few weeks ago the writer attended a performance of Strauss's opera "Salome," at the Scala Opera House in Milan, and found that it was followed by a ballet, and a very ineffective ballet at that.

Miss Elena Gerhardt is to be congratulated upon the success of her recitals at the Bechstein Hall, and she will be the first to agree that her accompanist, Herr Arthur Nikisch, is entitled to an equal measure of praise. It seems only a few years ago that the work of

the accompanist was regarded as a thing of no account. There was a sense of detachment between the singer and the song that found its counterpart in the operas of fifty years ago, in which the singer seemed to stand right outside the stage production, and to regard the opera as nothing more than a medium for the display of vocal agility. The change that Wagner wrought in the world of opera—Schubert and Brahms, Richard Strauss and Hugo Wolf—to say nothing of many others—have brought about in the songs that are heard on our concert platforms. In all really good songs the accompanist and singer work together to present a complete thought, and in response to the demand for accom-

panists who are artists we find men like Arthur Nikisch, Landon Ronald, Hamilton Harty, and others who are no less distinguished interpreters of songs than the singers themselves. If Miss Gerhardt was happy in her accompanist, Herr Nikisch was equally fortunate in the singer. Certain mannerisms affecting the tempi of some songs were not, perhaps, to the liking of those who do not care for excessive rubato; but Miss Gerhardt and Herr Nikisch in combination offered far more scope for praise than criticism, and there is no doubt that the series of recitals might have been prolonged without any undue strain upon public support.

Lovers of music throughout the Metropolis will learn with regret that Mr. Walford Davies has been compelled by ill health to resign his position as conductor of the Bach Choir. His last appearance in the post of honour was made last week at the People's Palace, in the Mile End Road, where he directed a fine rendering of the famous B minor Mass. Some doubt might have been expressed, and not without reason, about the wisdom of putting Bach's immortal work before people who are not supposed to have as many opportunities as could be desired of hearing what

is best in music; but these doubts, if they existed, were promptly dispelled. Many gave the work an attentive and enthusiastic hearing; neither choir, orchestra, nor soloists could have desired a more responsive audience. Miss Esther Palliser, Miss Ranger Kerr, Mr. Gervase Elwes, and Mr. Forrington were the soloists.

Among the newcomers to Covent Garden this season we shall find a conductor who will be associated with Signor Campanini in the direction of the Italian operas. Signor Ettore Panizzo was born of Italian parents in Buenos Ayres in 1875. He studied in Milan, during his student years published a sonata for cello and piano, followed that up with a cantata, and then wrote an opera called "Medio Evo Latino," which has been published by Ricordi. Since then he has added considerably to the list of his compositions, and has conducted opera in Palermo, Genoa, Milan, and Naples. His work, both as conductor and composer, has been received with great favour in Italy and South America. COMMON CHORD.



HONOURING A GREAT BARITONE: MR. CHARLES SANTLEY,

In whose honour the Charles Santley Jubilee Concert is being given at the Royal Albert Hall this (Wednesday) afternoon.

Photograph by Histed.



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## WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### The Polite Londoner.

The Canadian gentleman who wrote to the morning papers to assert that Londoners were not polite because a business man (after lending a stranger his private telephone) declined to stay and negotiate matters with the exchange, must have been an Innocent Abroad of the first water. I wonder how this Innocent would have fared in New York—to go no farther from his native land? The regions to which he would have been condemned are not to be named in polite newspapers. Compared with the average New Yorker, the Londoner is a Chesterfield in address. And the manners of American officials are on a par with the manners of the man in the street. A few years ago, in New York, I had occasion to go to the General Post Office to claim a small parcel from London, which nothing would induce the officials to disburthen. Wandering all over the vast, shabby-looking building and inquiring at every turn, I was met with the most supreme indifference when not with actual surliness. No one knew—and no one cared—where parcels from England were secreted and held to ransom. The search was long and vain, until a youthful individual, in his shirt-sleeves, strolled out of some inner room, folded his arms, looked me up and down, and finally drawled out: "Wal, p'raps you'll take a little walk with me?" I was about hastily to decline the proposed promenade when I realised that this was one of the officials of the United States Government, so

I cheerfully acquiesced, and a march down endless passages with the young man in deshabille resulted eventually in the recovery of my errant property.

### Drawbacks of the Mammoth Store.

Another American institution which we can do without in London is the mammoth "store." Or, if a certain enterprising firm is bent on endowing London with one of these monster shops, let us hope they will not import the American "sales-lady" to give it the final touch of realism. For one thing, she is accustomed to a multitude of women who come to "shop," but not to buy, and that is naturally exasperating to the temper of the sales-lady. Consequently she replies to everyone (when she does reply at all) with the same haughty detachment and stony indifference. For myself, I must own I prefer the

are recognised features of the enterprise. It is well known that all this herding together of armies of employés, of endless regiments of customers, of objects of purchase of every conceivable size and kind, has an exceedingly bad effect on the nervous system, and the scenes of riot and disorder at sale-time baffle description. The deleterious effect of the dry-goods store on literature in America has become a byword. The works of eminent authors are placed on the counters in stacks, and sold, along with prunes or prunella, at a price the shop-keeper chooses to fix. Literary reputations are literally made at the bargain-counter, for the sight of a thousand volumes by the famous Miss Three Stars, going cheap, somehow appeals to the Transatlantic imagination and enhances the lady's already trumpeted fame.

### The Gaiety of Green Shutters.

People often wonder why Park Lane in May has so agreeably festive an air compared with Belgravia, forgetting that Mayfair, being Georgian, revels in green shutters. Venetian shutters newly painted have always a gaily Continental appearance; they suggest inevitably white villas, cobalt skies, cheap peaches and grapes, and the general "joy of living." With a green shutter you associate a white hand dropping down a rose, bright eyes behind a curtain, a little table laid for two, on which is an omelette, a bottle of Bordeaux, and a dish of golden plums. Rightly do the plutocrats of Park Lane cling tenaciously to their green shutters; even a millionaire could not be cynical or morose behind so innocent a window-screen—a screen which suggests the South, and through which the May sunshine filters in trembling golden bars. It will be remembered how the success of one of Mr. Barrie's least felicitous plays was secured by the setting of one scene, an exact replica of the outside of his own charming cottage near Farnham. Directly the audience was confronted with that rubble front and green shutters, the fate of the piece was certain.

### Slitheriness.

I am sorry to see that certain modish ladies are adding to the general slitheriness by discarding table-cloths at dinner, and bidding their guests eat off the slippery polished oak or mahogany. Already we have to guide our uncertain steps across acres of polished parquet floors encumbered with mats and rugs which slide beneath the feet; in country houses we have to negotiate ancestral staircases—by candle-light—which are the pride and joy of their owners, but are as dangerous to ankles as beeswax can make them; and now we are asked to manipulate glasses and china plates on a still more "slithery" ground. It is time that personal comfort came into fashion again, and that the tablecloth and carpet (once the symbols of the higher civilisation) should be reinstated in public esteem. Why, indeed, should a guest be made uncomfortable, and risk breaking his own indispensable leg or his hostess's priceless glass for the mere vanity of showing off oaken boards or a shiny mahogany table?



A NEW TAILOR-MADE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

THE NEW PARIS HAT OF TUSCAN STRAW.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

aristocratic seclusion and elegant leisure of the tiniest shop in Bond Street to those "mammoth emporiums" where an ambulance service is required for the customers, and an afternoon concert and nursery for the unfortunate children "brought along"



## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

OUR glove bills for this season of grace are going to be very heavy. London is an awful place for gloves; when fashion decrees that pearl and French grey, mastic and pale tan are the shades to wear, suede the material, and twelve or sixteen button length the style, then the woman with a strictly limited dress-allowance begins to feel anxious. I don't know why it is, but even in high summer one afternoon kills a pair of delicate-hued gloves; everything one touches leaves a mark, and things must be touched. Some women buy one long pair and half-a-dozen short pairs to match. They cut the hand parts off the long ones and hem the arm portion, which is pulled down over the short gloves and fastened under a bangle. It is an ingenious plan, and answers quite well. Needless to say, only the careful and troubled ones of us do it, so that the glovers do not suffer greatly because of the economy.

Linen, galatea, and zephyr frocks are to be greatly worn—sing hey for the merry, merry laundress and the tub! Some of the colours in dress linens are lovely, and rose-pink is said now to be dyed in so that it does not fade. Grey-striped linens are also provided, and Nattier blue has been successfully produced, which is a relief to the minds of its many linen-loving admirers. It is a dainty fashion, and one befitting our scrupulously cleanly British women-kind. Pleasant as it is to look upon fresh, clean, washing-material frocks, it is pleasanter to reflect how clean they are. In London three to four fresh washing dresses a week are worn in the mornings. Now these are things that American women don't understand. The idea of a Duchess coming down to breakfast in a cotton gown troubles them, and they think she must be poor. Yet they would find her Grace's washing-bills would pay very quickly for one of their "perfectly elegant costumes"!

Pale, delicate colourings in marquisette will be used to veil white silk and satin evening-gowns. A broad hem, a little deeper than itself in tone, of chiffon

velvet is frequently used to finish the skirt, and some light embroidery is a great improvement. Cyclamen-pink over white in this manner is effective, the gown in "Princess" style in front and having Empire influences at the back. I notice that glitter on dresses is no longer the best fashion. We see it still, since evening-robos of past seasons continue to serve useful purposes. New gowns, however, are soft and rich; while embroidery is even more in vogue than ever, it is rich silken or dull metal-work. If sequins are used, they are dull and of different shapes; it is true now that all that glitters is not the mode. I saw a dress at a reception the other night, the very tight skirt made of mother-o'-pearl sequins, sewn coat-of-mail fashion one on another. The effect was mermaid-like, and a mermaid walking upstairs is not an edifying sight!

Floral decorations just now consist of spring flowers or roses. The Duchess of Sutherland, when entertaining the Premiers at dinner, declared in favour of spring flowers. The two round tables, at each of which twenty guests were seated, were made to appear one golden glow of daffodils and narcissi, shaded from pale to deep yellow, and mingled only with their own grey-green blades

and fern-fronds and moss as Nature mingles them. The guests, accustomed to tropical and semi-tropical flowers, were delighted with this decoration typical of English spring. At a wedding lately the traditional white floral decoration was discarded in favour of pale-mauve lilac and pink roses. At another wedding a train of Kate Greenaway-clad boys and girls carried hampers of daffodils and primroses up the aisle and down again after the bride. Is this delightful appreciation of our common or garden things of beauty, so long neglected for equally beautiful but vastly more rare and expensive blossoms, a sign of a coming craze for simplicity?

Scarves are evidently to continue the popularity which they attained last season. At the Epsom Spring Meeting, which secured a very fair attendance of race-loving women, it was noticeable that scarves were in great favour. One great lady, who loves racing, wore a lovely one of pale-blue chiffon, painted at the ends with a dainty design of pale-pink rose-buds. Her costume was of delicate mauve cloth, and her hat of mauve tulle trimmed with pink roses. The scarf seemed just the right complement in colour for the costume. With a dove-grey cloth a rose-pink scarf of gauze was worn, and with a pale-green dress one of peacock-blue.



LIL: You ought to wear a top 'at every day, 'Arry. It do make you look so distinguished-like.

DRAWN BY CHARLES INCE.

For the convenience of passengers travelling to and from Frankfort-on-Main by the Harwich route, the Great Eastern Railway Company has arranged for through carriages to be run, on and from May 1, between the Hook of Holland and Frankfort, via Mayence, in connection with the arrival and departure of the steamers. Passengers will be due to arrive at Frankfort at 4.5 p.m., and on the return journey to leave at 1.40 p.m.

For the Folkestone Steeplechases, on May 6, the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run a special club train, leaving Charing Cross at 11.10 a.m., Waterloo 11.12 a.m., London Bridge, 11.17 a.m., first class only, including admission to the course and reserved enclosure, 20s.; not including admission, 8s. A special train, third class only, return day fare 6s. (including admission to the course), will leave Charing Cross 10.40 a.m., Waterloo 10.43 a.m., London Bridge 10.50 a.m., and New Cross 11 a.m. Special cheap tickets will also be issued from various other stations.

The London and South-Western Railway Company are making special arrangements to meet the additional traffic requirements occasioned by the transfer from Liverpool of the White Star Line Royal Mail steamers *Adriatic*, *Oceanic*, *Majestic*, and *Teutonic*, which are to be employed in the Southampton-Cherbourg-New York service, calling at Plymouth eastbound. The new palatial twin-screw steamship *Adriatic*, 25,000 tons, from New York, will reach Plymouth about May 29, and will be met by the London and South-Western Railway Company's new tender *Atlanta*, which will transfer passengers and baggage to the Ocean Quay station, where a corridor dining-car train will be in readiness to leave direct for London (Waterloo Station). The same arrangement will be carried out for each of the steamships arriving at Plymouth on following weeks. All inward steamers after calling at Plymouth will proceed at once to Southampton, via Cherbourg, passengers being conveyed by special train from Cherbourg to Paris, and from Southampton to London.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on May 13.*

## CANADIAN PACIFICS.

GENERAL conditions in Wall Street must be watched by those who speculate in Canadas, but the investor who has taken up his shares can rest content with his security in the pretty certain hope that the price will ultimately top 200. Upon present merits, perhaps, Canadas are sufficiently high-valued at 180 to 185. There is a lot of extension work to be done this year; the programme already published speaks of an additional 1500 miles of railroad being laid down, and this looks as though more money will be wanted. Stockholders are so used to getting new Canadas at 100 that the bad old system will no doubt be perpetuated: it means the piling up of trouble for the future in order that to-day's proprietors may receive handsome bonuses. Our concern is with the immediate future, and so we think that the prospect of such a bonus will keep the price up in the absence of untoward developments in the Yankee Market. But though posterity has done nothing for holders of Canadian Pacific shares, it seems patent enough that posterity will have no blessings to heap upon the heads of those responsible for the thoroughly bad system of finance to which the directors have accustomed their fellow-shareholders in the past few years.

## GRAND TRUNK THIRD PREFERENCE.

They say in the market that knowing people have given call-money for large amounts of Trunk Thirds and Ordinary, the options to mature at the end of May and the end of June. Possibly. But Trunk Thirds, regarded as a speculative investment, are priced up to the hilt at anything like 75 or 80. The stock is entitled to a maximum dividend of 4 per cent., and for the past year 3 per cent. has just been paid. It will therefore, in all probability, be another twelvemonth before Trunk Thirds get anything more, and, presuming the full dividend to be declared, the yield at 80 would be exactly 5 per cent. on the money. Is that enough upon a speculative stock like Trunk Thirds? There is so little scope for further improvement in them that at 75 or thereabouts the stock looks positively dear, in view of all the eventualities connected with railway work in the Dominion.

## THE CHILIAN EXPLORATION AND DEVELOPMENT SYNDICATE.

This Syndicate, the prospects of which have caused of late some talk in financial circles, has issued a little booklet giving information as to its capital, interests, and prospects. The shares, 800,000 in number, are of the nominal value of 2s. 6d. each, of which 260,000 are in reserve, and the proceeds of 200,000 have been set aside to provide working capital. The business of the Syndicate is cattle-ranching and rubber, coffee, and cocoa growing in the state of Oaxaca, in the Republic of Mexico. It is said that the Company has both plantation and wild rubber, and over 300,000 coffee-trees upon its estates. We have not space to give the details of the proposed operations, but in these days of Mexican prosperity, if the cash capital is sufficient, the Company should prove a highly remunerative enterprise.

## THE WAIHI REPORT.

Every year since 1891 this great mine has shown considerable expansion, until for last year we find 329,000 tons of ore treated for a yield of 51s. a ton. In these columns the shares of the Waihi mine have over and over again been recommended as the best of mining investments, and the justification of that advice in the present report is most gratifying. The revenue and the dividends have never looked back since 1895, when the shareholders got 40 per cent., against 75 per cent. for 1906. The reserve fund is now £130,000, and the carry forward is larger than the sum brought in from the previous year; while the ore reserves, which at the end of 1904 were 712,000 tons, now exceed one million, and the average value, which two years ago was 47s., is now 51s., and the theoretical extraction of gold has been brought up to the high figure of 91.4 per cent. Well may the directors say that they look forward to a long continuance of prosperity.

## SPECULATIVE INVESTMENT.

Every bucket-shop has its own manual to prove that the particular system therein advocated is the royal road to wealth. So it probably is. Not to the client, though. Regarded theoretically, it is somewhat remarkable, considering the age of our little planet, that no absolutely safe system of speculation has yet been devised for the acquisition of money. For even a bucket-shop comes to grief occasionally. We venture to think that a cardinal point to be observed in speculation is to make sure that you get into some sound stock which has reasonable prospects of success, apart from all market movements. The price may be put up or put down; but if you have faith in your concern, and by careful study of the influences which govern it can get to know something of its working, then you can hold on as a speculative investor until the wheel of fortune turns the spokes in the right direction for you. This, of course, means that you must take up your purchases. Mere gambling, on tips, is one of the silliest games out, because it gives so little fun for the heavy cost it nearly always entails in the long run.

## THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST, AND OTHER THINGS.

Of all the stocks which I have from time to time recommended in these pages, none have proved more consistently satisfactory than the Deferred stocks of the

various financial Trust Companies. Year by year these Companies have continued to improve their position and increase their dividends, and this at a time when the experience of most investors has been the reverse of favourable. Among the more recent announcements, the Foreign, American, and General Trust Company has raised its dividend for the year from 5½ to 6 per cent., the Alliance Investment Trust is paying 3 per cent. against 2½, and the Industrial and General Trust has declared a dividend and bonus of 7 per cent. on its Ordinary stock. Your readers will recollect that the old Unified stock of this Company was divided into 40 per cent. of 4½ per cent. Preference stock and 60 per cent. of Ordinary, so that the present dividend and bonus are equivalent to 6 per cent. on the Unified stock. The Industrial and General Company still has £250,000 of 4½ per cent. Preference stock, and £525,000 of 3½ per cent. Debenture stock unissued. The times have not been favourable for new issues, but these stocks will no doubt be issued when an opportunity offers, which should benefit the Ordinary stock. The reasons for the almost uniform success of the Financial Trust Companies are not very far to seek. There is an old saying that "Money makes money," which may be interpreted as meaning that the rich man has opportunities of acquiring information, of taking advantage of new issues, underwriting, etc., which are out of the reach of the man of small means. But the honestly managed Trust Companies enjoy the best opportunities, and by investing in them the poor man is putting himself on a par with his wealthier neighbour. Besides this, there have been special reasons for the peculiar prosperity of these concerns. The greater part of the losses sustained by investors in the past few years have been in gilt-edged securities and mines, two classes of investments which, speaking quite generally, are eschewed by the Boards of these Companies. Mines are avoided as being too dangerous, and gilt-edged securities are not sufficiently remunerative. In this connection I should like to quote a few words from the speech of Mr. Megaw, presiding at the annual meeting of the Rio Claro Sao Paulo Railway. This Company has to invest a large sum annually, the proceeds of bonds redeemed, and began by putting their money largely into so-called gilt-edged stocks, with the natural result that they now show a big depreciation. Mr. Megaw remarked: "The lesson I have learnt is that I am no longer a believer in gilt-edged securities. The man who buys Consols and gilt-edged securities at present must be a very brave and rich man. I do not consider Consols should be held by anyone who is not an American millionaire, or who has not found a goldmine. . . ." These words are very well worth the attention of investors.

The handsome *Salar del Carmen* dividend, making a total distribution for the year of 45s. per share, should put life into the Nitrate market. These shares stand now at £18. When I first recommended them in these columns the quotation was £10.

*Saturday, April 27.*

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Correspondents must observe the following rules—*

- (1) All letters on financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

*Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**DOUBTFUL.**—We do not know why the meeting has been postponed. The House is not anticipating a bad report. We know of nothing wrong with the Lancfield. Very few things are brisk just now. If you sold Lancfields and put the money into Gwalia Consolidated at about 3s. you would probably make money.

**ANTIPODEAN.**—We look upon the concerns you name as speculations of which not much is known here. Neither concern seems likely to set the Thames on fire so far as can be seen from any published information.

**R. E. H.**—It is an invariable rule never to give an opinion on the Company's shares in this paper, for very obvious reasons.

**PLANT.**—We should think Nos. 1 and 2 good speculative shares. As to No. 3 it is too speculative for our fancy, and all we know of the Company and its inception is not calculated to increase our confidence.

**W. E.**—We look upon both the Indian shares as cheap. If we had any money to spare for a mining shot, the shares of Gwalia Consolidated at about 3s. would be our purchase.

**TIFED.**—If the shares were our own we should hold on. The first Company is practically the Premier Diamond Mine under another guise, and although we have little faith in the second concern, its shares will rise if Kaffirs improve. The whole market will move together, and there seems little advantage in exchanging one South African share for another. See answer to "W. E."

**S. L. (Christchurch).**—The "if" comes in because of the nature of the business. So long as motors can be sold at makers' own prices like hot rolls, there is no danger; but will what happened in the cycle trade also happen in the motor trade? You must judge for yourself.

**BRADY.**—Both fairly good investments, but we can conceive many others which seem to us more attractive.

**CLUB.**—See answer to Marmion in last week's issue.

**AMBER.**—See this week's Notes.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newmarket, Slieve Gallion ought to win the Two Thousand Guineas, and the One Thousand may be won by Victoria. Other selections are: Heath Handicap, Early Bird; Three-Year-Old Handicap, Ambitious; Mildenhall Plate, Nulli Secundus; Brinkley Welter, Ireland; Peel Handicap, Watergall; Ely Plate, Rocketter; Newmarket Two-Year-Old Plate, Olympus; March Stakes, Royal Dream; Bretby Handicap, Linkman; Chippenham Plate, Fra Diavolo; Friday Welter, Dinornis. At Lingfield, the following may go close: Felbridge Welter, Macrestine; Victoria Plate, Standen; Sackville Handicap, Geyser.



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Her Son." By Horace Annesley Vachell. (John Murray.)—"The Man of the World." By Antonio Fogazzaro, translated by Mary Prichard-Agnetti. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—"The Dreams of Simon Usher." By Algernon Gissing. (Chatto and Windus.)—"A Tarpaulin Muster." By John Masefield. (Grant Richards.)

I RECEIVED my first impression of "Her Son" through the medium of certain criticisms of the stage version of the book.

Judged by these, it were a gloomy affair indeed—the sort of thing doomed to be given only at an odd matinée, and to be played then in dim, religious limelight before a "Society" audience. In point of fact, it is nothing of the kind. True, there is some squalor, mental and physical, in it, but its main scheme is altogether idealistic—a love so deep and so ignorant of self that it leads a woman to mother the love-child of the sweetheart she believes dead and the woman he eventually marries. In the eyes of many Dorothy Fairfax is a fool, but she is a heavenly fool, and none can grudge her the happiness that comes to her in the end. No better foil to her could be found than Crystal Wride, of the Levity, to whom Dick Gasgoyne went when he was down—

"Yes, starving. I fed him. We had our first meal together at my expense. He drinks champagne with you, I dare say; we had stout—a pint apiece. It's meat and drink, stout, when you're down on your luck. Dick was dead-broke and green. My! But he'd grit, plenty of it. He might have crawled whining to some swell relations, but he didn't. . . . I helped him out of his hole. I found him lodgings in the same house where I lodged; and I found him work—a set of articles about how girls like me live."

Dorothy and Crystal and the boy, Min, are the centre of the story, and in them is the greatest interest. That the interest is considerable has been already hinted. It only remains to say that none capable of appreciating fine character-drawing and an excellent style should fail to read the book.

"The Man of the World" is equally to be read. I confess to knowing Antonio Fogazzaro by the one work only, the centre link of the chain of three that begins with "The Patriot" and ends with "The Saint," and I confess it with real regret. Undoubtedly, "The Man of the World" will bring the Italian novelist many adherents. It is a work of remarkable strength and adroitness, of beauty of thought and of execution. M. Fogazzaro has in abundant measure that ability to create atmosphere that is so valuable, so necessary to any book that is to be something more satisfying than railway fiction. His characters and the scenes in which they move are notably well drawn; there are no puppets, no canvas towns, or

skies, or fields. Nothing could be more instinct with life than the aged Marchesa Nene Scremin, parsimonious, yet generous; Zaneto, her husband, "much her superior in culture and much her inferior in soul"; Don Giu-epe, the gentle priest; the whimsical, shallow, wholly pleasing Carlino Dessalle; the passionate Jeanne; and Piero Maironi, the husband without a wife. Maironi, in particular, is a creation worthy to rank with many of the greatest in fiction. His struggle between his fierce love for Jeanne and his duty to the mad woman he has scarce seen since the day he married her, the warring of the gentle spirit inherited from his father with the rebellious spirit that came to him from his mother, are more engrossing than anything that I have read for many a long day. The political side of the book is of no moment.

"The Dreams of Simon Usher" can but add to Mr. Algernon Gissing's reputation. Towards the end it becomes distinctly melodramatic, but, as a whole, it is written with much artistic restraint. The boy Simon loves Mrs. Redmayne, and, loving her, seeks to crush the man who caused her husband's death. So he becomes his partner, and schemes his downfall. He is successful, but his victory is less pleasant in realisation than it was in anticipation. In the final struggle between the two men Mrs. Redmayne is shot. Simon bends over her—

With deliberate gentleness he allowed his lips to rest upon those others which were parted, with pressure sufficient to feel the teeth. Self was utterly extinguished, all passion gone. Devotion, worship, was all that remained.

He realises that in loving woman he has learned to love womanhood, and, gladly, he turns to his wife.

At length they were again in the sunlight. All the middle of the day, Usher gave to wandering more deeply into the hills. He gave himself up to his imagination, and Leah listened enraptured to a husband she had not hitherto even dimly suspected. They had never before been married, if marriage meant such raptures as this.

"A Tarpaulin Muster" is a collection of short stories and essays—all typical of Mr. Masefield's somewhat precious style of thought and execution. They are by no means equal—equality, doubtless, would yield monotony—but all were well worthy the gathering together in volume form. Many of them contain some admirable descriptive work, notably "A White Night." Others have more than a touch of the eerie. "El Dorado" is strangely, fascinatingly grim. The little man with the pale face and pale eyes, and the long reddish beard went in search of gold "between ze Caqueta and ze Putumayo Rivers, in ze forest." A year later came news of him—"Yes, them Indians got him, somewhere in Ecuador, Tommy Hains told me. They got his head back, though. It was being sold in the streets; his old mother offered a reward, and the Dagoes got it back for her. . . . Them ambitious fellers, they want the earth, and they get their blooming heads pickled."

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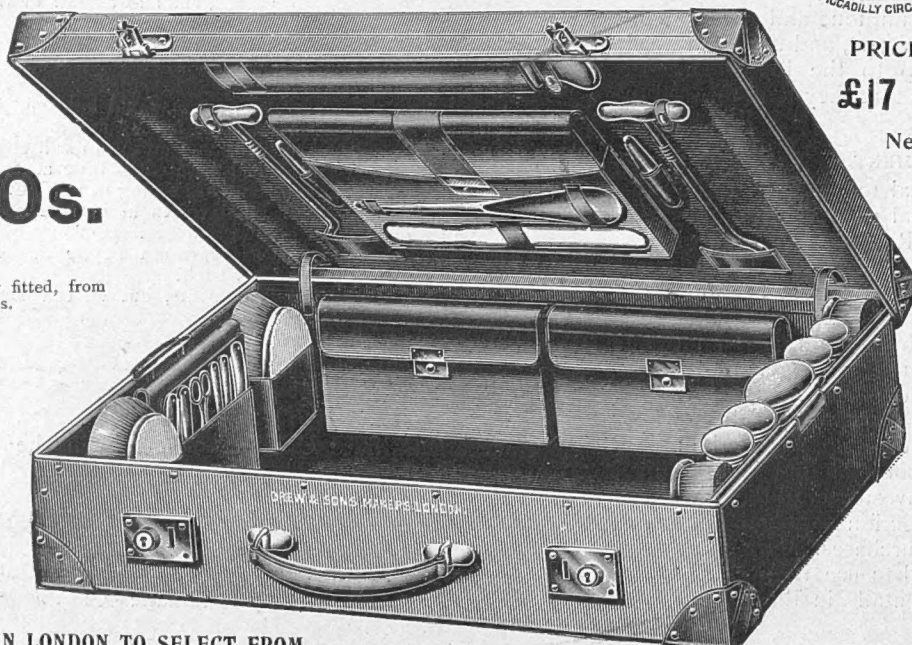
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